

JUL 26 1888

KEMP VS. TEEMER--POLICE GAZETTE CUP

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE FIVE THOUSAND DOLLAR PURSE. THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1888.

VOLUME LII.—No. 568.
Price Ten Cents.



BASSO BRODERICK'S FROLIC.

HE POKES A PRETTY BALLET GIRL WITH A TIN SPEAR AT MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1888.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" IN ENGLAND.

Smith, Ainslie & Co., Booksellers, &c., 25 Newcastle street, Strand, London, have been appointed agents for the sale of the POLICE GAZETTE in Great Britain. Newsdealers, booksellers, and others who desire to handle the POLICE GAZETTE and our illustrated books are requested to communicate with them at once. RICHARD K. FOX.

THE "GAZETTE" AS A PROMOTER OF POPULAR SPORTS.

No lover of popular sports can help but note with genuine enthusiasm the great progress that is taking place in all contests of skill and strength all over this country, as well as the Old World. Our own liberty-loving, wide-awake land attempts nothing in which she does not excel, and hence England, which formerly prided herself on her leadership in matters pertaining to popular athletic and sporting contests, can no longer boast that America follows her in this respect.

Many people imagine that there is no good to be derived from witnessing, participating in or encouraging any sort of contest or popular amusement involving a test of great courage, strength or skill on the part of those who seek to win applause or distinction in exhibitions of this kind. Horse racing is demoralizing, and pugilism not to be thought of. These people draw the line nowhere, except to banish such sports from the category of popular amusements. In their opinion there is nothing ennobling in an exciting boxing contest, or nothing wholesomely exhilarating in a spirited turf event. But, happily, most people think differently. If they did not we would soon become a race of pigmies or monomaniacs.

The great advance in sporting affairs in this country is, without a doubt, largely due to the influence of the POLICE GAZETTE. No organ of the sporting fraternity has labored more earnestly or more energetically to bring about the gratifying result in question. Its proprietor has spent thousands of dollars to quicken the ambition of those anxious to excel in legitimate contests of skill, strength and courage. He proposes to keep on spending money for this purpose. As an evidence of his intention to do so we have only to mention his unexampled magnanimity in reference to the proposed match between Peter Kemp of Australia, the single-scutt champion oarsman of the world, and John Teemer, the American champion. Mr. Fox offers to put up a purse of \$5,000 to be rowed for the single-scutt championship by these two distinguished oarsmen, and in the event of the ratification of a match between them, he agrees to allow Kemp \$1,000 for expenses in coming to this country to compete with Teemer on American waters.

To encourage the numerous jockeys who are ambitious to excel in winning mounts, Mr. Fox offers another diamond whip to be competed for, similar to that won by Champion Jockey McLaughlin in 1887, which he has generously allowed McLaughlin to retain as his own property.

It is hard to tell what the proprietor of the GAZETTE may do next in order to stimulate interest and competition in the various sports of the times, but whatever he does the public may rest assured it will be on a scale of magnificence not excelled by any other patron of sports.

PULLED OUT OF THE PULPIT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Rev. J. N. Allen, pastor of the Baptist church at Quincy, Mass., is having a hard time of it, if all accounts be true. About five months ago the ladies of the church held a sociable and a feature of the evening was the presentation to the pastor of a purse containing the magnificent sum of \$10. Of course the pastor made a speech, and in the course of his remarks he said that as much money as he had received since he took charge of this generous flock. In the course of his remarks he indulged in some personalities which two of the brethren present resented. They went for him accordingly. The parson dropped into pugilistic attitude, and a fight was imminent, when one stalwart member of the church seized the pastor by the coat collar and unceremoniously hustled him down the aisle and out of the church.

CAN'T DO WITHOUT IT.

CASTALIA, Iowa, July 8, 1888.
PUBLISHER POLICE GAZETTE—Dear Sir: My subscription to the GAZETTE expires with the next number. I would like to have it continued for 13 weeks more. The GAZETTE is the best paper in America.
Yours truly, ANDREW HETLAND.

MASKS AND FACES

Parrots and Monkeys--Some Fish Stories.

MIDSUMMER MEANDERINGS.

Plays, Playwrights and Players.

"I'LL HANG!"

"Parrots and monkeys are Lotta's pets, I hear," contemptuously remarked the ultra fashionable Van Twieler.

"She can stand that accusation," coolly answered the matter-of-fact Van Snap, "as long as she is not reported as being in love with a dude!"

Harold Hartsell, by the way, is to play the juvenile in Lotta's company this season.

Three of our best known and best preserved sonnettes, Lotta, Margie Mitchell and Annie Pixley were after this handsome six-footer.

And Lotta captured him.

Dan Sully starts out in August in Chicago.

"Con Conroy & Co." is the name of his new play.

W. W. Tillotson will try to make Annie Boyd the bright particular star of "Zig-Zag," and though Miss Boyd, as an artist, is by no means bad, I doubt whether he will succeed.

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He laughed heartily when some one twitted him and quoted the poet's lines ridiculing the angler:

"Next day when by his friends besought,
The nature of his luck to state,
He tells what heavy fish he caught,
And, as before, he lies in weight."

Mamie Miller and Bertie Conway pleased the boys at the London last week with their songs.

Here is a drama not down on the bills.

As Amy Reynolds, the variety actress, was coming out of the Theatre Comique, Buffalo, last week, her husband, Dennis McCarthy, confronted her. A wordy encounter took place, during which McCarthy accused his wife of flirting.

The irate husband went away, muttering to himself, and did not come home till eleven o'clock next day.

At that hour McCarthy entered his wife's room, pointed a big bulldog revolver at her and fired.

Amy Reynolds, hit in the back near the spine, fell groaning toward the staircase.

McCarthy then fired at his own head.

He only succeeded in making a flesh wound.

He fired at his wife again as she raised herself, and then stumbled down the stairs.

Two painters came along and held the husband till the police arrived.

"You shot me! You shot me!" she moaned.

"No, I didn't," he answered; and as he bent over to kiss her he whispered to her not to swear against him.

She refused to promise, and he staggered back.

"I'll hang!" he exclaimed, wringing his hands: "I'll hang!"

By the side of the dramas of real life, the dramas of the stage are pale and insignificant.

Yes, my friend, let's have facts.

They may be disagreeable to hear, at times, but we must have them.

Bandmann don't like Mansfield just now.

That's a fact.

Isabella Urquhart has a great deal more leg than voice.

That's another fact.

Joe Hart and Harry Cortisse have shaved off their mustaches.

That's an historic fact.

Of all leading men in vogue Eben Plympton and Maurice Barrymore are the most negligent in their street dress.

That's a fact that may be nobody's business, but it's a fact, nevertheless.

Marion Abbott, who is to be the leading lady of Boniface's "Under Cover" company, is much handsomer than her photos.

That's a matter-of-fact way of putting a fact, but a fact it is.

The summer resorts are full of professionals, high and low.

Gertrude and Daisy Stanwood sit on the balcony and watch the bathers at Nantasket Beach.

Emily Pearce skips about on the sands and knocks her toes against the empty excursion bottles and cans at Rockaway.

This fall she goes with the Muldoon-Davies show.

Louis Harrison is down at Little Neck Bay, L. I.

His pug dog paid double fare on the cars.

Jimmy Powers has been down to see Harrison and the girls several times this summer.

But Union Square is Jimmy's pet summer resort.

Who was it that called the steady and unsteady loafers on our city park benches "our leisure class?"

If it wasn't Jimmy Powers, it was some other bright fellow.

Frank Wilson is "doing" the theatres of Paris.

He has his eye on some old comedy characters that he may produce some time or other.

Geraldine Ulmer denies that she is about to marry.

She is as big a favorite in London as ever she was in New York and Boston.

I had an interview with her at the Westminster Hotel some two years ago. "I was born in Charlestown, Mass.," said she; "and the house where I was born is situated directly next to that there occupied by Mr. John Stetson. That gentleman knew me when I toddled in the village street in short clothes. But he didn't know he'd become my manager some day, else, perhaps, he wouldn't have been so kind to me. Well, I am satisfied with things, though things don't come easy."

"You're a worker, Miss Ulmer," I ventured; and that reminds me of an anecdote. They tell us that when a gentleman one night complimented the diva, Mailbran, on reaching a remarkably high note, the great contralto simply replied: "I have worked hard enough for that high note. I've been chasing it for a month. I pursued it everywhere—when I was dressing, when I was doing my hair. At last I found it in the toe of a shoe I was putting on!"

Billy Rice, Frank Howard, Buff Sheppard and Dick Gorman will seek more fame and fortune chasing "Three Blind Mice" next season, and Harry J. Sayers will try to manage and keep them in trim.

H. R. Jacobs is busy in many quarters, keeping his weather eye on his new "Corinne Lyceum Theatre," Buffalo, now in the course of construction.

It will, when completed, be one of the prettiest amusement houses in the country.

Frederick Warde will add the play "William Tell," of Schiller, to his repertoire.

Robert Taber, who has been engaged by Ariel Bannay to support Julia Marlowe, made a name for himself while playing with Madam Modjeska.

He made an especial hit in "Measure for Measure," in the scene where, as the wretched brother of Isabel, he crawls on his knees, beseeching her to give herself up to Angelo in order to save his life.

Old Dion Boucicault, head of the new dramatic training school founded in this city by A. M. Palmer, began his duties last week by examining the claims of the various candidates for admission.

He sat on the platform at a table and looked at each girl as she came along.

The pretty, stylish ones attracted and held his attention.

With the homely ones he was curt and decisive.

Boucicault is of medium height, slight, rather ruddy, has snow-white hair, black, shining, quick-glancing eyes. When he talks to any one he approaches very close, and when interested in his own conversation he dangles his eye-glasses in his hand to keep time with his words.

Harry Kennedy will cast his "Lights and Shadows" on the road next season.

If he would give Miss Newman's part to a capable actress, and if he would let the comedians have a little more "fat," he would assuredly improve his show.

I was looking over several well-known and standard biographical dictionaries the other day, and not one of them contained notices of our popular playwrights.

There was no mention of Harrigan, or Marsden, or Belasco, or De Mille, or Howard, or Bartley Campbell, or Clay Greene, or Hoyt, or Cazatrua, or Markhafe.

Dull Doctors of Divinity, third-rate versifiers, gassy politicians and fat-breast brigadier generals were there in abundance, but not one of those fellows whose wit, wisdom, ingenuity or carpentry have so often made us spend a pleasant evening.

Any of these gentlemen might give their experience somewhat thus:

Of plays I'm a fair connoisseur,
I've directed the sweet amateur,
I've coached the "profess" in my line,
But I'm not in the "Men of the Time."

I've fashioned the topical song,
Adapted things right or wrong,
I've written of fun and of crime,
But I'm not in the "Men of the Time!"

Such is fame!

A modern playwright's has a circumference hardly as large, comparatively, as, as well, the brim of Bob Gaylor's hat.

Col. Milliken, playwright, manager, newspaper man and man-about-town, had a sign painted the other day in the following sententious style.

COL. MILLIKEN
PLAYS

There were no commas, no periods, no nothing.

A bad little boy came along Broadway and saw this sign.

And the spirit of evil seized that little boy, and he took a piece of chalk and he added to that sententious sign one word—the name of the place where there is reported to be a considerable amount of superfluous heat and a considerable amount of weeping and gnashing

of teeth.

Robert Fraser, actor, playwright, clown, circus man, manager, has since gone into partnership with Col. Milliken.

The two of them have an office up town now, where plays are read and sold, theatrical ventures discussed and launched, ambitious poetasters and playwrights entertained or fired, and many other matters, histrionic or heretronic, promptly and effectively transacted.

"A child actress was rapturously applauded," writes witty Livandais of Paris and London to Dunlop of the Stage News, "during a recent monster benefit matinee. She had given a perfect recitation of 'Mother Wears the Trousers,' a humorous poem by A. P. Knutt, writ-

ten for the occasion. At the close of the performance, in the wings, the author kissed the child, and said, patting her cheek:

"Bravo, my dear, bravo; you are doing well. You are encored early in life."

"My birth was encored, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"I am a twin."

"How's that for precocity?"

I attended the revival of "Prince Methusalem" by McCaull's Opera Company the other night.

That little fellow, D'Angeli, who played the "upst" and throbbed a little bit by reason of his dress, his gestures and his facial play.

He looked for all the world like one of those droll youngsters that Mike Woolf loves to draw, and draws so well.

Jeff D'Angeli, as the decrepit and hen-pecked Methusalem, was excellent.

De Wolf Hopper, as the excited ruler and the agitated father and host, worked as hard as ever to be funny, sang his topical song with as much gusto, and succeeded in capturing as many laughs.

Annie Meyers, as the bride, was plump and pleasing. She sometimes has the demure look of Judith.

I do hope she won't get to be as fat as that actress!

Marion Manola was graceful and artistic as the prince, but she don't look like a fly young man and she don't carry herself like one.

Bertina Ricci in the part would have filled the bill perfectly.

Col. McCaull had put "Prince Methusalem" on in his usual effective way.

The women are pretty—especially the perennially pretty Miss Seavey. The costumes are pretty, and the scenery is pretty.

Sidney Rosenfeld was in the audience and laughed heartily when De Wolf Hopper sang the lines of the "Dotter" song, lines that he had composed.

I always watch playwrights as they sit and witness their own play.

Only a month ago I noticed that Bronson Howard was one of the most interested spectators of his own "Banker's Daughter" at the Grand Opera House.

He didn't lose a word, a point, or a situation.

Sadie Bluelow and Jennie Williams were sleeping in the back parlor of a fine brown-stone house, when at three in the morning last week firemen thumped at the door and informed them that the roof was in a blaze.

There was a wild scramble for all kinds of what-nots, there were piercing shrieks, there were more or less frantic gestures.

Then two pretty women, in fairy-like undress, rushed into the street.

Miss Bigelow lost her wardrobe.

Miss Williams lost her bustle.

Joseph Jefferson, now at Buzzard's Bay, starts out on his tour in September.

There is no truth in the statement that Jefferson and Florence are to tour in company.

Jefferson is as popular as ever, will be popular as long as there are women and children.

And speaking of his popularity reminds me of an anecdote about him which Morton used to tell:

Jefferson, says he, was doing "one night stands" in Indiana some years ago, and, arriving late at his destination, was informed by his manager that the advance agent must have "jumped this town," as not a poster, lithograph or announcement was out concerning the performance. Jefferson was pleased rather than disappointed. He had traveled much and he was tired out. He knew that his company was in the same condition, so he told them there would be no performance that night and invited them to dine with him and have a good time. They all dined wisely and well and were just beginning to have a "good time" when the manager rushed in urging them to get ready to act.

"But I thought the agent had 'jumped' this town," said Jefferson.

"So I thought," replied the manager; "but it seems that a fortnight ago a three-line paragraph appeared in a local paper giving the date of your performance, and in four days the house was all sold out!"

The merry dinner party hastily broke up and Jefferson that night again wished a big audience health and happiness, and hoped they would all live long and prosper.

One of the red-skinned followers of Buffalo Bill went from the Wild West at Eastonia to see "Nero, or the Fall of Rome" at St. George the other day.

The dusky and dirty son of the forest and the prairie rejoiced in the resounding name of Skin-and-Peel-Your-Daddy, and his visiting card had that resounding name printed on it.

Skin-and-Peel-your-Daddy later on in the evening was introduced to a dancing siren of Rome, a lady whose stage name was Tetrella, but who, in the melodorous precincts of east downtown, was familiarly known as Katrina Katschenshinder.

Thus the representatives of the civilization of the West and the East met in social fashion.

They drank deep and long.

Before the last boat left for town the festive and over hilarious couple had executed a grotesque can-can which Monsieur Offenbach, were he living, would assuredly have incorporated in a new operette.

I hear that Florence Ashbrooke has been engaged to play the dancing soubrette in the "Twelve Temptations," which Ned Gilmore is going to produce shortly.

Miss Ashbrooke, who has had an excellent record as a burlesquer with both Rice and Kiralfy, ought to be a great attraction.

I trust she won't prove a thirteenth temptation to the susceptible gentlemen of the front row, those fellows, you know, who can have their hair cut without taking off their hats.

That would never do.

The world is full enough of temptations as it is.

ROSEN.

E. J. McCormick will open a fine sporting resort on the Boulevard the latter part of August in Kansas City. He is building a fine handball court, one of the best west of the Mississippi river, and also a fine boxing academy, and has engaged Prof. Harry McCoy, the celebrated light-weight pugilist, as bartender and manager. It will be the only sporting headquarters in the city.

WHAT 25 CENTS WILL BUY.

No Republican should be without the Elegant Colored Portraits of Harrison and Morton; size, 11 by 14. Sent to any address for 25 cents.



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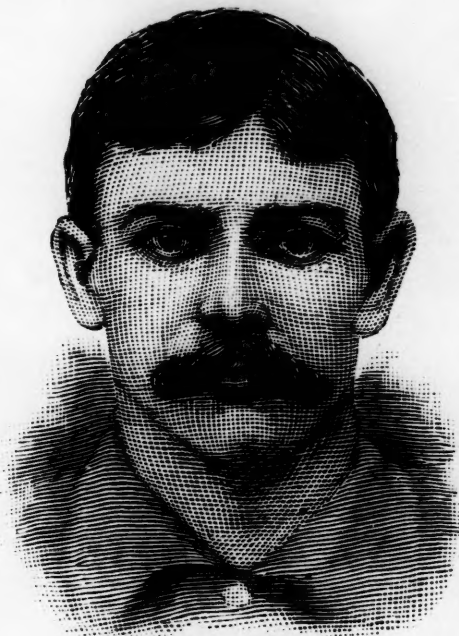
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BASEBALL GOSSIP.

The Boys Who Have Won
Distinction on the Dia-
mond Field.



Gilbert Hatfield.

Gilbert Hatfield, third baseman, belongs in Hoboken and is 31 years of age. In 1883 he played with the Metropolitan Reserves as second baseman; in 1884 he filled the same position with the Monumental Club of Baltimore in the Eastern League, and after that club disbanded he joined the Harrisburg Club, where he played third base, and later in the season he filled the same position on the Newark Club. In 1885 he played with the Newark till the latter part of the season, when he joined the Buffalo League team, with whom he also played third base. With the Portlands last year he played third base and as change pitcher, and made an excellent record. His height is 5 feet 9 inches and his weight 168 pounds. He is now a reserve member of the New York Club and has played in a creditable manner in the different positions that he has filled this season.

People may ridicule boycotts, but the Pittsburg club management crawled like snakes when they were informed that their games would be boycotted if they didn't dismiss a certain man in their employ, and the Philadelphia and Athletic club managements went down on their knees to the League and Association to have the price of admission reduced to twenty-five cents on account of the public placing a boycott on their grounds and staying away from the games. The clubs tried to hold out against the boycott, and didn't squeal until they were starved into it.

President Byrne, of the Brooklyn club, has been playing hot on his western trip, getting into hot water in nearly every city he struck; but he is one of the men who knows how to take care of number one, and if he doesn't come out of the racket all right it will be the miracle of the nineteenth century.

About all Boston is fit for is to put up big money for players for the other clubs to make mops of. They certainly deserve the pennant for the enterprise they have displayed in gathering in the beauties. But the trouble is they have procured so many of these good-looking fellows, and they have been so much admired by the ladies that they have become jealous of each other, and as a team they are not worth the dynamite it would take to blow them up.

The "mountain" which stood as the land-mark of the Toledo club was not so gigantic that it could not be removed. It proved a stumbling block for Sales and Boltenus, but it did not put the directors of the Toledo club to much inconvenience to get out with their little picks and shovels and remove it so clean that you would never know it had been there. In fact where that grand old mountain stood there is now one vast display of "Wood."

Manager Sharrig said yesterday: "If I owned the Louisville club I would spend \$10,000 in purchasing a crack infield. With the batteries and outfielders I would not only win the Association pennant, but would beat the League victors for the world's championship."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*. Oh, come off, Billy. What are you giving us? In the first place, where would you get \$10,000? and in the next place, you know that old saying: "The dog would have caught the rabbit if he had not stopped for something else."

Hengle, of the Chicago Maroons, is working the same old chestnut which has been worked for years and years. He first tried to intimidate Umpire Brennan, and when he found that wouldn't work he tried to have him removed for incompetency. It is a dirty trick, but still captains and managers have to occasionally soil their hands with mud to further the interests of their club.

The fellow on the Chicago Times felt so good over Chicago's scratch luck in defeating the New Yorks the first game of the last series of three, that he let him-

WANTS HIS SUBSCRIPTION CONTINUED.

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Yours truly,
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self loose as follows: "It is to be hoped that Krock and Van Haltren are fired with a noble rage of emulation, generated by Mark Baldwin's good work Saturday. These Giants from Gotham have been feeling so coltish and chipper of late that they need a taking down. About three straight would put them in a proper frame of mind." They did not get three straight, nor even two straight, nor were they put in the proper frame of mind. The fact is these Giants from Gotham were a trifle too coltish for them, and by the time they were through with this much-overrated Chicago team, Anson's aggregation wasn't worth a ha'penny.

Moore, of the Stocktons, was fined \$30 for not being patriotic on the Fourth of July—that is, he refused to parade through the streets of San Francisco with the rest of the boys.

There are some few umpires that the ball players have got broken in so thoroughly that they never fine a boisterous player out of respect for their noses.

O'Neill gave Von der Ahe a "tip" that he was sick with malaria. He did not strike Von der Ahe as being a very sick-looking man, and the latter wanted him to go and be examined by his German physician. O'Neill was insulted, and Von der Ahe quietly laid him off without pay.

This thing of appointing a player from each one of the contesting clubs to officiate, jointly, as umpires, the one looking after balls and strikes and the other after bases, is the most foolhardy thing that could possibly be done, and we are extremely surprised at the action of any magnate of a first-class club in permitting it to be done. No player cares to see his own team beaten, and the more the one player will lean toward his club the more the other will lean toward his, and the result is always a most disgraceful exhibition of umpiring, as was clearly demonstrated in the few games played in Kansas City, in which the Baltimore and Brooklyn clubs opposed the cowboys.

California people think we have it bad here in New York, and say that the papers are publishing editorials daily saying how the men should be placed. This is something new and extremely surprising to the New York people, as we were not aware that there was an editor in the city of New York who could tell a baseball from a base drum, or a bat from a telegraph pole, let alone undertaking to dictate how the men should be placed.

The Philadelphians take consolation out of the fact that they are able to lick Pittsburg, even if they don't amount to anything else in the championship race.

If ever a public weakened on its baseball club, that public reside in Chicago. When the Detroiters wrenched the lead from the grasp of Anson's men, the Chicago people squirmed around as though they had the itch and squealed like pigs, claiming that it was just what they expected—that their men were nothing but a lot of hoodlums, who were playing in great luck, and the moment their luck deserted them they were of no earthly account, and would surely drop down to fifth or sixth place, where they properly belonged; that the championship race was really between Detroit and New York, and they were out of it altogether. Now, all this abuse was heaped upon the Chicago for the loss of one game, that gave the Detroiters the lead by a very small percentage, as in the individual series between the Chicago and Detroit the latter had only won four games out of the seven played, while the Chicago won three.

Beer is rather expensive in San Francisco, as two glasses cost fifty dollars and ten cents. Two of the Pioneer players were thirsty after one of the Sunday games. They had been beaten, and both men were thoroughly disgusted. They saw a sign saying: "Beer



five cents a glass." They tried to drown their sorrow, and laid down ten cents, but, to their surprise, a voice said: "Good evening, boys; that will just cost you fifty dollars more." The men were not overjoyed at seeing their manager, and went out muttering something about all their hard luck coming at once.

Nick Young is using excellent judgment in asking for the power to appoint a fifth umpire, as any one of the staff is liable to be disabled at any time, and such disgraceful occurrences as were displayed in the Association by their double umpiring in Kansas City should by all means be avoided.

About as cheeky a thing as we have ever heard of is the gall displayed by Mr. Ex-Umpire Decker, who threatens to bring action against the League to recover a year's salary. He was engaged by the League to umpire during the present season and receive \$1,500 and expenses, and he says he put himself to great personal inconvenience to accept, and, after having umpired very satisfactorily—possibly to Decker only—he was fired bodily, owing no doubt chiefly to the newspapers throughout the country. Decker makes a poor mouth, and asserts that he never was a home umpire, and never would allow himself to be ruled by baby Anson, but had he been more polite and more careful of Mr. Decker than of the League, he would be umpiring to-day. This is all rot. Decker never was an umpire, and never will be. He was totally incompetent when he was first put in to umpire, and did nothing but prove his inability as long as he remained.

It is said on good authority that the Albany club is owned and controlled by the Baltimore club. This accounts for Jeff York being able to make ends meet, as Von der Horst is not the kind of a man to let anything fall through that he is behind.

At last Tommy Esterbrook has had good solid satisfaction out of Jim Galvin. Jim is a great "kicker," and Tommy has been the butt of much of his fun for

some years, ever since they played in the Buffalo League club together. Although on speaking terms, Esterbrook would rather meet a rattlesnake than Galvin, with his pleasant smile and cheerful greeting. Friday last, in Indianapolis, while Galvin was pitching for the Pittsburghs against the Indianapolis club, Esterbrook drove a heavy liner right straight at Galvin, and so fast that he could not get out of the way. It caught gentle James full in the breast and laid him out. Then it was Esterbrook's turn, and he smiled a smile of satisfaction.

The Baltimore people have started a boycott on the baseball ground on account of the fifty cent tariff. Since the Philadelphians were so successful in their boycott, the Baltimoreans have gone in tenfold stronger, and are compelling the club to play to empty benches. The management have already lost about \$5,000, and the club is in a shaky condition. It is the neatest and most delicate boycott you ever saw. Without making any display about it, the patrons quietly attend to their own business and stay away from the ground.

Ramsey's large cranium has gotten him into trouble again. Tom has a mistaken idea that he is the only pitcher in the country, and the Louisville club can't get along without him, but his last drunk illustrated how absurd it was for him to get such nonsense into his nut, as President Davidson grew sick and tired of Tommy's monkey business and just quietly laid 'him off without pay to show the young man that person was never born whose services could not be dispensed with.

A certain player said if the papers would mind their own business a little more and the ball players a little less there wouldn't be quite so much fining going on, as this little bit of information in the morning papers cost him \$150: "Three o'clock in the morning is not a good hour for a ball player to be seen on the street, especially when he has to take a train at eight o'clock the same morning and play ball in the afternoon." Now, that duck may have thought he was quietly giving me a gentle hint by not mentioning my name, but it raised the devil in one club, and made the directors put detectives on the track of the whole of us, and I was the one that was nailed, and you see I had to foot the whole bill for the time the detectives were chasing us.

JUNE.

TOOK THE STARCH OUT OF HIM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The wife of the Rev. J. Basel Thomas, a prominent Baptist minister, cowhided the Rev. Banda West at Gratz, Ky., on Saturday. The latter is a Methodist divine, and the cause for her action was a number of slanderous stories that have been circulated about her of late. One of these connected her name with that of a certain Dr. Dupuy, who was said to be paying her unnecessary visits. This report was emphatically denied by her friends, but finally it came to the ears of the lady herself. She started out to trace the slander to its source, and found its origin in the person of the Rev. Mr. West. She then prepared to avenge herself.

Armed with a cowhide she followed that individual, who had gone to the public well. The lady walked down Crittenden street and stood on the corner waiting for his return. The reverend gentleman, taking the hint of a friend, went around the public square, whereupon the lady turned and went briskly up to the corner of Crittenden and Main streets, and there attacking him, gave him a sound beating. After twenty or more lashes had been rained upon him he could stand it no longer, and making a flying leap jumped over the gate and ran into the house, in front of which the cowhiding occurred.

The report of the cowhiding spread quickly, and the lady was soon overwhelmed with congratulations.

HER KISS MEANT DEATH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Lutheria A. Ridgely, a well known and highly respected widow, connected with the best families in the county, since her husband's death, three years ago, has lived alone with her son, aged twenty-three, in a fine residence on the outskirts of Tiffin, O. She was fifty-four years old and about six months ago began at times to act in a peculiar manner. A few nights ago her son returned from the post office and found his mother waiting for him. She kissed him, but kept one hand under her apron. While he was writing at the table a few moments later she went behind him and drawing from under her apron a revolver which she had kept hidden all this time, shot at his head. He jumped up, and seeing her about to shoot again, ran out of the door into the street. He then heard two more shots, and after getting two officers returned to the house. The revolver was lying on the table with four chambers empty and in another room in the house Mrs. Ridgely was found lying dead on a bed with two bullet holes in her breast.

PISTOLS AT A PRIZE FIGHT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A fight to a finish with kid gloves took place near Birmingham, Ala., across the Mississippi border on the line of the Georgia road early Sunday morning last, between Frank McHugh, of Cincinnati, champion bantam weight, and Sol Robinson, a local bantam, "Police Gazette" rules. Twenty-seven rounds were fought. At the end of the fourth round Referee Stacey allowed a foul for McHugh, when Robinson's backers showed fight. McHugh was hurried off, and a row seemed imminent. Pistols were drawn, and bloodshed was only averted by Stacey reversing the decision, after which the fight proceeded.

STRUGGLING FOR LIFE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Nearly five thousand people saw Aeronaut Sam Young come within an inch of losing his life at Coney Island, near Cincinnati, O., on July 18. It was the most perilous adventure the aeronaut has met in all his six years experience. For some unaccountable reason the balloon behaved badly, and Young was compelled to cut loose when the balloon reached a height of about eight hundred feet. He fell into the river, and for several minutes he battled in the water for his life. He was finally picked up by a boat.

THE HANDSOMEST IN THE MARKET.

No Democrat should be without the Elegant Colored Portraits of Cleveland and Thurman; size, 11 by 14. Sent to any address for 25 cents.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Men and Women Who
Find Pictorial Fame in
These Columns.



Robert McElwain.

Chief of Police Robert McElwain of Utica, N. Y., heads our column this week. Chief McElwain is a veteran in the service, and one, if not the oldest, policeman yet in harness in the State. He is sixty-eight years of age, and has passed thirty-four years in constant service. Twenty of the thirty-four years he has served as chief, which position he still retains. He has made many important and clever arrests, and has won the good will of his community by putting out of the way of doing any further harm the notorious Michael O'Rourke, express robber, whom he sent to Auburn prison to serve twenty years for robbery.

Ismi Martin.

There has just been brought to public notice in Detroit, Mich., a sixteen-year-old girl former who has for the last few weeks lived a life that astounds her relatives. She is the daughter of Joseph Martin, a respectable builder, and is known in different social circles as Ismi Martin and as Miss Bazg, the latter name being assumed for the purpose of deceit. She is slight, dark and sallow, has a peculiarly frank expression of countenance, and one would not suspect her of the cool shrewdness shown in certain very peculiar financial transactions in which she has been engaged. These were mainly in connection with attempts to get money on forged checks for small amounts.

Dr. W. S. Hoy.

Intense excitement has been aroused at Point Pleasant, W. Va., in consequence of the brutal murder of Julia Huskins, a pretty young lady of eighteen years, by Dr. W. S. Hoy, her betrayer. Hoy has been arrested, and it is expected will be speedily tried. He is a physician of State reputation, and for years he has been a member of the Board of Pension Examiners and is a married man. Information from Point Pleasant says that the feeling is increasing every hour against Hoy, and a number of men are ready to lynch him should he by any technicality escape punishment. His family are completely prostrated with grief, as his evil associations were heretofore unknown to them.

George Godfrey.

Our colored heavy-weight champion, is a resident of Boston. He stands 5 feet 8 inches in height and weighs 190 pounds. Godfrey has been before the public as a fighter for a number of years back. He is a plucky, determined fellow, very skillful with his hands and possessed of a good head piece that never gets rattled easily. He has beaten Charley Hadley, Billy Wilson, McHenry Johnson, colored heavy-weights, and has held his own with the best of our light-complexioned talent in glove contests. He has plenty of "sand," and will take no bluffs. No one knows the truth of this better than Sullivan, since Godfrey called him down at his (Sullivan's) benefit in Boston some six weeks ago. Boston sports admire Godfrey for the man he is, and he will receive their backing in any match he undertakes.

Lizzie Fletcher

Is a native of Boston. She made her first appearance on any stage at the age of five. She was for some time a child actress in the Boston Museum stock, and she also played child parts with Buffalo Bill when that famous American was in the dramatic line. Miss Fletcher did excellent leading business subsequently with George Knight, McKee Rankin, and John A. Stevens; travelled with J. H. Gilmore through Canada and went to London. At the Princess Theatre, in that city, Miss Fletcher made a hit with press and public. Her rendition of "Lynwood" is still remembered in San Francisco. Her performance of leading emotional roles in "Shadows of a Great City" and "King of Iron" were notable. She has recently been with "Light on the Point" and "Passion's Slave." Miss Fletcher resides at a villa in Lynn, Mass.

Peter Jackson.

The champion boxer of Australia, was born in the West Indies in 1831. He fought his first battle five years ago at Foley's Hall, Sydney, with Jack Hayes, which ended in a draw. He subsequently whipped Hayes in a seven round fight. He defeated Sam Bitten in twenty minutes, and was himself shortly after defeated by Farnam in seven minutes. A second match between the two ended in a draw. Jackson next met and whipped one Dooley in three rounds, winning \$100. His last mill was with the redoubtable Tom Lees, who is now in London, Eng. They fought at Foley's Hall, Melbourne, and Jackson won in thirty rounds. The stakes were £400, and Queensberry rules governing. Peter arrived in San Francisco some six weeks ago, when he issued a challenge that resulted in him and Godfrey arranging a match for the championship.



LESLIE C. BRUCE,
OF THE "TURF, FIELD AND FARM," RETIRED CHAMPION RIFLE SHOT AND WELL-
KNOWN TURFMAN.



LIZZIE FLETCHER,
AN EMOTIONAL ACTRESS OF RARE POWER AND ATTRACTIVE PERSONALITY, KNOWN
AT HOME AND ABROAD.



IT WAS A DYNAMITE PLOT.
A WELL-PLANNED SCHEME TO WRECK THE CITY HALL BUILDING IN DETROIT, MICH., AND ROB THE COUNTY TREAS-
URER'S SAFE MIRACULOUSLY FALLS THROUGH.



HE WAS A HUSTLER.

BEREAVED MR. WASCOM, OF JEFFERSONVILLE, KY., BURIES HIS WIFE AND INSTANTLY MARRIES ANOTHER ON THE GRAVE OF THE DEPARTED.



THEY SAW HIM MURDERED.

THE FAMILY OF JOHN GUSHANNON OF BENNINGTON, VERMONT, WITNESS A FATAL ASSAULT ON HIM BY A CRIPPLE.



A FEROCIOUS BULL DOG.

HE JUMPS ON THE BACK OF A HORSE NEAR PARKERSBURG, W. VA., AND TERRIBLY LACERATES THE RIDER.



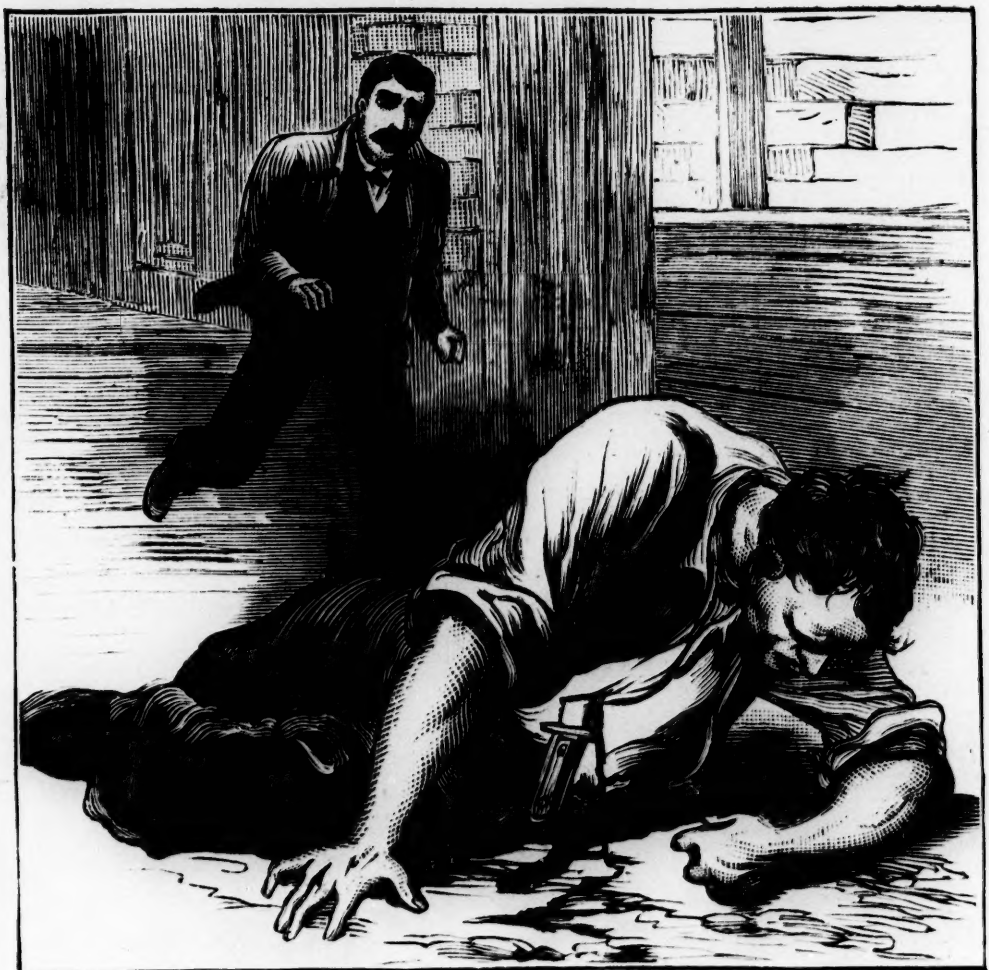
HER KISS MEANT DEATH.

MRS. LUTHERIA RIDGELY, OF TIFFIN, OHIO, WHILE CARESSING HER SON TRIES TO MURDER HIM WITH A CONCEALED WEAPON.



CLOUDY CLYDE WAS KING.

CHICAGO POLICEMEN DISCOVER A SECRET CAVE USED BY A GANG OF BOY BANDITS AND RESCUE TWO BOUND AND GAGGED VICTIMS.



DISEMBOWELED HIMSELF.

A WELL-KNOWN LANCASTER, OHIO, MAN FALLS WITH A LARGE BUTCHER KNIFE, RECEIVING A TERRIBLE AND FATAL WOUND.

LITTLE RUFÉ.

The Arrest of a Notorious
Bank Sneak at Mil-
waukee, Wis.

HIS DARING ESCAPADES.

How He Got Away With Fifty
Thousand Dollars in
New York.

HE ACTED AS A STALL.



UFFE MINOR, the notori-
ous bank-sneak robber,
is under arrest at
Milwaukee, Wis., and
in a fair way of being
settled behind prison
bars for some time to
come—that is, should
his usual good fortune
forsake him.

He was arraigned in
the Municipal Court
room of Milwaukee on
Friday, and waived ex-
amination.

Strange as it may ap-
pear, considering the
extent of the crime, the

bond was placed at \$500, and he went to jail with a
smile over his face.

Minor has been one of the most successful crooks in
this country. He has planned robberies that have
netted over \$1,000,000, and, though implicated in count-
less jobs, has contrived to escape conviction in all but
two instances.

The charge upon which he is now under arrest is
that of a bold daylight robbery at the office of the
Northwestern National Insurance Company in Mil-
waukee. It was at noon on Saturday, July 7, that three
men entered the insurance company's office. One of
their number, who proved to be Minor, or "Little
Rufé," as he is best known to the detectives, engaged
the cashier in conversation. While this was being
done another of the party sneaked behind the desk,
took a roll of bills and the three men made a rush out
of the office. The police were notified at once. All
escaped save Minor, who was captured just as he at-
tempted to get on a train for Chicago, to which place
no doubt the others had flown. Minor is about forty
years of age, five feet six inches tall and partly bald,
what hair he has left being inclined to curl. He is
considered to be the most daring and cunning of all
sneak thieves. He comes of good family in New York,
but has operated in every city of consequence in Amer-
ica. His associates have been such notorious thieves
as George Carson, Horace Hovan, Johnny Jourdain,
Billy Burke, alias "Billy, the Kid," Johnny Carroll,
Billy Flynn, "Big Jim" Burns, Charlie Cumiskey,
George Howard, alias Killon, Parsons and other clever
men.

It was he who was connected with the James H.
Young bank robbery in that city, when, with a confeder-
ate, he got away with \$50,000. The two called at the
bank in a cab. Mr. Young was at the time engaged in
cutting negotiable coupons from bonds. Rufé walked
in in a matter of fact way and informed Mr. Young
that a lame man was waiting to see him in a carriage in
front of the door.

Mr. Young, not suspecting any crooked work, left
his bonds on the desk and proceeded to see the sick
man. When he returned he discovered the loss of
his bonds. Rufé escaped, but was subsequently ar-
rested.

He was also engaged with Billy Burke, alias the Kid,
in the Bank of Commerce robbery, when \$30,000 in se-
curities were stolen in about the same way that Mr.
Young's money was. Burke was sentenced to seven
years in the Penitentiary, but "Little Rufé" escaped
punishment.

Through the Pinkertons "Rufé" was brought from
Petersburg, Va., to New York on the Young robbery,
but while he was being conveyed from the Tombs to
the Special Sessions Court in that city he asked to
be allowed to get a drink in a saloon, and thereby
escaped.

About a year ago he went to Europe with Thompson,
a companion. Thompson was arrested for complicity
in the Manchester Bank robbery and sentenced to five
years in prison.

Little Rufé is accredited with being the principal
man in the following robberies: The First National
Bank, Detroit, \$3,200 being taken; Middletown National
Bank of Connecticut, of \$73,500; Bank of Cohoes, N. Y.,
where an attempt was made to rob them of \$100,000;
Brooklyn Post Office robbery, \$3,000; Providence Gas
Company robbery, \$4,000; Guarantee Trust and Safe
Deposit Company's vaults at Philadelphia, of \$71,000;
Rufus Rose, insurance agent's safe, at Albany, \$3,800;
Safe Deposit Vaults on State street, Boston, \$25,000;
Bank of Baltimore, \$12,000 in bonds. Minor was also
credited with sneaking \$114,000 in bonds from the Erie
County (N. Y.) Savings Bank in April, 1882. These bonds
were returned to the bank by a well-known Baltimore
lawyer, who received \$25,000 for them.

Week before last a bank robbery occurred at Toronto,
Parsons, one of Rufé's confederates, was arrested, and
it is thought by Eastern detectives that Rufé had a
hand in the job. It was not known that he had re-
turned from Europe until his arrest in Milwaukee.

During his career he has been frequently arrested.
Once on March 27, 1878, at Petersburg, Va., in company
with George Carson, Horace Hovan and Charlotte
Dorchester (Horace's wife), for the robbery of the office
of James H. Young. On November 14, 1880, he was
again arrested in New York City with Johnny Jourdain

and George Carson, charged with the larceny of a tin
box containing \$8,500 in money and \$56,000 in bonds
from the vault of the Middletown Savings Bank at Mid-
dletown, Conn., on July 7, 1880. Horace Hovan, who
was previously arrested in this case, was taken to Con-
necticut. Minor, who was not identified, was held in
New York City, charged with being the party who
stole \$28,000 in bonds from a safe in the office of Mer-
ritt Trimble, in the Coal and Iron Exchange building,
New York City, in October, 1879. These bonds were
found in the possession of the Third National Bank, of
New York City, having been hypothecated by a notor-

ious bond negotiator and insurance agent. No case
was made out against Minor and he was discharged.

He and Billy Burke are credited with obtaining
\$17,000 from the Commercial National Bank, of Cleve-
land, in the fall of 1881.

Burke was arrested in this case, but Minor escaped.
Minor was arrested again in New York City in June,
1883, and delivered to Marshal Frey, of Baltimore, for
the larceny of \$12,000 in bonds from the Bank of Balti-
more in September, 1882. For this he was tried and ac-
quitted. Minor and Johnny Price were arrested in
Boston, February 1, 1884, and given one hour to leave
the city. He was arrested again in New York City,
June 28, 1884, at the instance of the authorities of
Augusta, Ga. Minor, Price and Billy Coleman sneaked
a package containing \$2,700 in money from a bank safe
in Augusta. Billy Coleman and Price were arrested
two days afterward, tried, convicted and sentenced to
seven years each in State's Prison. This was in May,
1884. Minor was taken to Augusta and discharged, as
he could not be identified as the third party in the
robbery. He was arrested again in New York City in
January, 1886, charged with the larceny of \$130 from

ance. He can grow a very heavy beard of dark brown
in a very short time, which he wears when engaged in
his operations, and shaving it off immediately follow-
ing. Just now he is wearing his beard. It is believed
that the reason he did not skip out from Milwaukee
with his confederates was that he had planned some
big job after getting through with the small one at the
insurance office.

The detectives of Milwaukee deserve great credit for
the manner in which they handled their case. Minor
and his gang had been stopping at the Plankinton Hotel
in that city, he registering as J. J. Carter.

After the robbery was committed the three thieves
went quietly to the hotel and changed their clothing
completely. About 3 o'clock Minor went to the Plank-
inton Hotel stables and hired a horse and buggy.

"Give me a carriage with a wide seat," he said, "I
want to take my wife and child out riding." Driving
away from the barn, he picked up his confederates on
another street, and the trio drove off to St. Francis
Station, outside Milwaukee, to await a train. But al-
ready detectives were on the trail, the cashier giving a
good description of the man who had talked to him

description of the person who had talked to Mr. Hous-
dale. Getting off, he waited until the train pulled out
of the station. The other two men boarded the train,
while Minor remained on the platform.

"Do you belong in town?" asked the officer.

"Yes," answered Minor, with a glance of suspicion.

"Who are you, railroad man?"

"Yes; what is your business?"

"I am a real estate agent."

"Where is your office?"

"In the Plankinton House," said Minor, attempting
to turn away and terminate the conversation.

"Well, I guess not; I think I want you; you may as
well come back to the city."

Minor then saw the game was up, and was brought
back to Milwaukee in the same buggy in which he and
his confederates had driven out.

GEN. CATLIN KNOCKED HIM OUT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Gen. Isaac S. Catlin, the one-legged veteran, former
District Attorney of Kings county, and once the un-
successful Republican candidate for Mayor of Brook-
lyn, but at present an active worker in the Democratic
ranks, was a passenger on the Woodhaven and Rock-
away Beach Railroad by the train which left the Flat-
bush avenue depot in Brooklyn at 5:30 P. M. on Thurs-
day. The general's destination was the Broad Channel,
Jamaica Bay, for a day's fishing.

Police Captain Henry L. Jewett, of the Bergen street
station, was with the general at the depot, but declined
an urgent invitation to accompany him on the trip.
There was, as usual, much confusion at the crowded
depot, and the general almost, if not quite, lost his
temper before he found the Woodhaven train, and
some angry words passed between him and some of
the railroad officials. Finally he took a forward seat
in car No. 123. During the journey to East New York
he became very much excited, attracting the attention
of his fellow-passengers by his vigorous criticism of
the railroad management, directing his remarks in
particular to brakeman William Schultz, with whom
he had almost come to blows before the train had
started. Finally, just as the train was approaching the
East New York station, the general and the brakeman
engaged in one of the fiercest fights which probably
has ever occurred in a railroad car. The general, al-
though a cripple and fifty-two years old, has the cour-
age of a lion and the strength of a Sullivan, and knows
how to use his hands effectively. Very little science
was displayed on either side, but in the brief rough-
and-tumble the veteran completely outfought the
brakeman, bending him over the side of the seat as if
he had been a child in his arms, and putting in effec-
tive blows at telling points.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

In a Pullman palace sleeping car that left Harrisburg,
Pa., over the Pennsylvania railroad for Washington,
a few nights since, an affectionate parting took place
between a young bride and her dudsish husband. The
agony of parting almost overcame them. Their sweet
sorrow was drawn out. Their lips clung together in
many long kisses, while he whispered airy nothings in
her ear and embraced her repeatedly, and she wept
and sobbed into her freshly ironed handkerchief. The
eyes of every one in the car were upon them and cyni-
cal and scoffing remarks were plenty. At last they
tore themselves apart and he went outside, under the
glare of the electric light, which displayed his beauty
to the utmost advantage, and called all sorts of tender
last instructions to her through the window, while she,
in the shrill American voice, directed "Cholly" to go
and see "ma" often while she was away.

The eastern-bound express rolled out of the depot,
the passengers settled themselves for the journey, and
the young Pullman conductor made his first appear-
ance with great brilliancy and *et al.* How it happened
I cannot tell, for my thoughts were busy elsewhere,
but after a little I raised my eyes, and lo, "Cholly"
was forgotten. Daisey's tears were dried, and she was
conducting, according to the best knowledge and most
authentic rules of the game, a successful flirtation with
the young conductor. She giggled, she made eyes, she
frowned prettily, she was so charmingly helpless about
the window, she must have water and oranges and the
dickens knows what, and the railway fledgling at her
beck and call.

"I'LL BRAND YOU FOR LIFE."

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Walter Burnham, a well-known sporting man of
Fort Wayne, Ind., made a vicious assault on William
T. Eaton, the pugilist, in the police station at that place
a few days ago. Burnham and Eaton had previously
been arrested by Officer Lee for fighting and creating a
disturbance at Hellbronner & Co.'s saloon. They were
taken to the station and given a hearing by Chief
Diehl. Both were under the influence of liquor and
Burnham was quarrelsome, while Eaton, as usual, was
good-natured. While stating his case to Capt. Diehl,
Eaton remarked that he didn't want the scrape to get
in the papers, laughing quietly. Burnham sat in a
chair against the south wall, near to and facing Eaton.
When Eaton laughed he glared at him and said, "That
laugh ain't natural," then springing to his feet with a
lightning-like movement, he added, "I'll brand you
for life." The movement was unexpected and done so
quickly that the officers had no chance to interfere.
A stream of blood spurting from a cut in the left side
of Eaton's face was the first intimation they had of
the serious nature of Burnham's assault. A small
blood-stained penknife lying upon the safe, beside
which Burnham was seated, told the story. Burnham
was hurried into a cell by the officers, fighting des-
perately, while Swain and Brown turned their attention
to checking the flow of blood from the cut, which pen-
etrated the cheek and extended downward about three
inches.

BURNED IN MID-AIR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Manager J. E. Mayhew, of the Telephone Exchange
of Parkersburg, W. Va., was repairing a wire which
had fallen across the wires of the Electric Light Com-
pany, when the current was turned on. It caught May-
hew at the top of the pole and shocked him into insen-
sibility. He hung forty feet above the street, jerking
to and fro, while his shirt caught fire and his flesh
burned in view of a crowd of people. His assistant ran
up the pole, cut the wires and brought Mayhew down.
He is severely burned about the arms and body, and
it is feared, fatally injured.

CAMPAIGN CLUBS WANT THEM.

No Republican should be without the Elegant Colored
Portraits of Harrison and Morton; size, 11 by 14. Sent
to any address for 25 cents.



"THE THREE MEN MADE A DASH OUT OF THE OFFICE."

the pocket of Samuel Henze, in the office of the *Evening
Journal*, in Jersey City. He gave the name of William
Jackson, and was taken to Jersey City by requisition on
the evening of January 17, 1886. In this case he was

BEST PAPER IN AMERICA.

CASTALIA, IOWA, July 8, 1888.
PUBLISHER POLICE GAZETTE—Dear Sir: My subscrip-
tion to the GAZETTE expires with the next number. I
would like to have it continued for 13 weeks more. The
GAZETTE is the best paper in America.
Yours truly, ANDREW HETLAND.

and whose picture he recognized when shown it at the
Police headquarters. The various detectives of Mil-
waukee at once began to search the city, watch the
trains, particularly those going to Chicago. Men were
sent out to suburban stations, as it was believed that
the thieves would drive out of town and catch a train
somewhere outside of the city.

One of the detectives, Detective Sullivan, took the 4
o'clock Northwestern train out of Milwaukee. As it
pulled up at the little station of St. Francis he saw
three men on the platform, one of whom answered the



"I THINK I WANT YOU; YOU MAY AS WELL COME BACK TO THE CITY."

MOST FIENDISH.

How Inspector Bonfield of the Chicago Police Frustrated an Anarchist Plot.

THE RED-HANDED VILLAINS.

They Had Marked Judges Gary and Grinnell and the Inspector for Vengeance.

THREE MEN ARRESTED.



THE four executions last November, says a special from Chicago, dated July 17, were supposed to have a sedative effect on organized anarchists in Chicago, the events of to-day have disproved it. To-day events have occurred which bring the Haymarket massacre, with its attending horrid details and its subsequent tragic events, again before the public gaze.

To-day was revealed a plot which in its results would have

been fully as blighting to life and property as was the dreadful event of the night of May 4, 1883. The public officials who had contributed their individual efforts toward the vindication of the law, as it was then violated, were the ones whose lives were to be sacrificed, and by that dreaded agent of assassination, dynamite. About ten days ago a prominent Bohemian called on Inspector Bonfield and informed him that a plot was on foot, the object of which was to avenge the execution of Spies, Parsons, et al., by blowing up with dynamite the residences of Judge Grinnell, who was the State's attorney when the anarchists were tried; Judge Gary, who was the presiding Judge, and also the residence of the Inspector himself, who had been the prime mover of the arrests which followed the Haymarket affair, and who furnished most of the evidence which brought four of the principals to the gallows, forced another into a suicide's grave, and sent three others to Joliet.

The Inspector was not slow in acting on the tip thus given, and by careful shadowing and other skillful detective work succeeded in weaving a web, as he claims, of incontestable facts about at least three men and arresting them this morning. The name of the ringleader is John Pronok, and he lives at 2562 Farrell street. He is a Bohemian and a cabinet-maker by trade. The other man is Frank Chapek, who lives at 498 West Twentieth street. He is also a Bohemian, as is also the third man, whose name is Frank Chebowa, a tailor, living on Zion place, and who is the informer who told the story of the plot to the Bohemian, who in turn detailed it to Inspector Bonfield.

It seems that, since the execution, a movement was started among the followers of revolution in Chicago by which the groups which disbanded almost as soon as the Haymarket bomb burst were to be reorganized, to do business at the old stand. It was thought dangerous, in the light of past events, to have these groups composed of an unlimited number, because it would increase the possibility of informers making their appearance at the most critical periods, when silence was golden. It was concluded that each group, as reorganized, was to have not more than three members, with each of the three members well acquainted with the others who composed the group when formed. It was thought that "squealing" in the anarchist ranks in the future would become a lost art. The three men arrested to-day constituted a group and in the hands of these was left, by whom it is not yet known, the pleasant occupation of blowing up residences until the act of last November was considered fully wiped out in blood. The group now incarcerated in the cells under the City Hall had no regular meeting place where plans could be discussed, but they met casually as friends, and over a glass of beer concocted their brutal and bloody schemes. It was agreed that Grinnell's house was the first one to go skyward, but not unless the ex-State's Attorney was an inmate when the explosion took place. Judge Gary's house was the next one marked, and last Saturday night was the time set for carrying out the plot. It was not fully determined how Inspector Bonfield was to be removed. He was the third one on the list, and he was doomed to die with the others, but how was not fully decided upon.

Inspector Bonfield to-night, in a modest, quiet way, told the story of the plot and capture. Said he: "A week or ten days ago a gentleman drew my attention to the fact of a conspiracy, which included an attempt upon the lives of Judge Grinnell, Judge Gary and myself.

"This came to the gentleman's knowledge from a Bohemian on the West Side, whose name I decline to give. Investigation satisfied us beyond a doubt that a conspiracy had been formed. We found that three men had been to Aldine Square—Judge Grinnell lives on Aldine Square—on the Fourth of

July, and that Judge Grinnell had noticed them there. The conscience or cowardice of one of these men could not bear the strain, and he shortly afterward gave up the secret, which then came quickly to our ears, as I have stated. We learned the whereabouts of the men without difficulty, and late last night procured warrants from Justice Lyon for the arrest of the three. Besides Lieut. Elliott and four of his men, we had two other officers along who speak Bohemian. The first place we went was to 2562 Farrell street, where the chief of one of the trio lived. We arrived there about 4 o'clock this morning, but having been informed that he had revolvers, dynamite, daggers and percussion caps, we concluded not to enter, but to await developments. The fellow came out about 7 o'clock. We arrested him without difficulty, he being taken by surprise. His name was John Pronok, his age about thirty and he was dressed in a blue flannel shirt. We searched the house and found a small portion of dynamite there. It was the Etna, No. 2. We found also a lot of bombs. Not those manufactured for the purpose, but those pressed into service. There were some half dozen of them, about four inches long, of cast iron. Lieut. Mahoney was then telephoned to, and he arrested Frank Chapek at 498 Twentieth street. Chapek's house was not searched."



INSPECTOR BONFIELD.

The Inspector declined to state whether the fact that no search was made at Chapek's indicated that Chapek was the informer, and not, as rumored, Frank Chebowa, the third member of the group.

"Chebowa," continued the Inspector, "was then arrested by our party. In his custody was found eight half-pound packages of dynamite, labeled Etna No. 2, and some bombs, the same as those found on Farrell street: also one fulminating cap."

The statement as given above was made by the Inspector in the presence of about twenty reporters,

made of this matter. It was simply a harum-scarum, ill-matured plan by a few persons, and so far from contemplating a reign of terror, bloodshed and arson by wholesale, meant merely mischief, if possible, to three people—Judge Gary, myself and Judge Grinnell."

The plot had made rapid advancement, for on July 4 Pronok detailed himself to examine the premises of Judge Grinnell's house on Aldine Square, with a view to its occupants. When he reported to his companions that night, the enormity of the offense began to dawn upon the mind of Chebowa. He wrestled with his feelings for several days, and finally made up his mind to ask for advice from a friend. The latter hurried at once to the Police Department and told his story. In the houses of all three numerous weapons were found, and enough dynamite to have blown up several of the largest buildings in the city. It is stated in connection that the three men were present at the Haymarket massacre, and that Pronok received bombs and some dynamite from a friend of the cause who was present. When asked to-day what he had done with this stuff he replied quite readily that he had thrown it into the river. It is supposed, however, that the stuff found to-day is some which was given to him on that fatal evening. Pronok and Chapek were intimate friends of Louis Lingg, the bomb-maker, and both were arrested after the Haymarket riot.

Mrs. Albert R. Parsons, wife of one of the executed Anarchists, was seen last night by a reporter. She was told of the arrests and asked if she knew anything about the matter. She became highly excited and stated that if there was any conspiracy it had been hatched up by the police.

"They have not murdered any Anarchists," she said, "since November last, and they are thirsting for more blood. I don't believe there was a conspiracy only in the devilish imagination of Bonfield and his minions." She grew more excited as she went on, and said:



JUDGE GRINNELL.

having sprained his arm, and in the second case to Kemp having forfeited in consequence of a severe cold. Kemp's next performance was at the Morpeth regatta, in November, 1885, for a £50 prize, which he won with a start of 10 seconds from C. Messenger. On January 28, 1886, at the Anniversary regatta, he won the all comers' light skiff race, carrying 40 pounds. At the same regatta, while he was competing in the all comers' race in wagger boats and leading, his boat got swamped. Shortly after this, in the following March, Kemp accompanied Messrs. Beach and Deeble to England, and assisted Beach in his training there. While in England he engaged in several matches. His first encounter was with G. Perkins on July 19, 1886, for £100 a side, from Putney to Mortlake. He lost this race. He was subsequently beaten by Bubeur upon two occasions; the stakes for each event being £100 a side. Upon returning to Australia he took part in the All Comers' race at the Lake Bathurst regatta. But he and Matterson fouled, and Stansbury, with 40 seconds' start, won. On July 4 last year he met his old antagonist, Neil Matterson, in a race over the champion course on the Parramatta river, when Kemp won; the stakes being £100 a side. As previously mentioned, Kemp trained Beach for all his English engagements, and also for his late contest with Hanlan. On Beach defeating Hanlan on the Nepean on Nov. 23, last year, Kemp was the first to challenge Beach. Beach retired, and Kemp assumed the title, which he has held with honor ever since. At the Centennial regatta, on Jan. 27, this year, he won the All Comers' race in outriggers very easily. He was matched against Clifford, and with the greatest ease put that giant down over the Parramatta course on Feb. 11 last. It having been arranged that the winner of this match should meet Hanlan, the contest was decided last Saturday afternoon, the 5th inst., for stakes of £500 a side. With ease Kemp defeated the Canadian and holds with confidence the trust consigned to him by his predecessor, Beach, viz., that of the championship of the world.

IT WAS A DYNAMITE PLOT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

What is believed to be the most desperate attempt at robbery ever known in Michigan occurred at twenty minutes past 10 o'clock on Monday morning last in Detroit, Mich. It was no less than an effort to blow open and rob the county treasurer's safe. The explosion occurred at 12:30. The five windows on Griswold street were blown out. People passing on the sidewalk were knocked into the gutter, and half a dozen horses standing along the street broke their fastenings and dashed away. The entire hall was shaken to its foundation and a section of the inside wall 14 by 18 feet was blown out bodily.

The dozen people in the Clerk's office at the time strangely escaped without fatal injury. The explosion was heard all over the central portion of the city. The fire alarm was turned in and thousands were soon at the scene of the wreck. Samuel J. Kelso, attached to the law office here of Postmaster-General Don M. Dickinson, was standing at the end of a long table directly in front of the vault door when the explosion occurred. He was knocked down, and on top of him fell a perfect salad of files and splinters from the book cases. Mr. Kelso's hair and mustache were singed short and his eyebrows and eyelashes suffered. His light summer coat was torn and burned in a dozen places. He scrambled out of the debris, and in common with many others jumped through the window. All the men in the office were thrown prostrate. The windows were not only broken, but sash, shutters and awnings were torn away and carried at least 150 feet, against the Walker block. The wreck and excitement were frightful.

STOPPED THEIR RACKET.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Those who are aware of the facts of a recent episode among well-known people of Sunbury, Pa., are laughing over the matter until their sides have ached. Sunbury has blossomed out with a home talent opera company and the artists include some of its prettiest girls and most gallant gentlemen. Some evenings ago the company gave a performance at Milton, and returned home on the "Dutch" road. The train was delayed several hours on the other end of the Sunbury bridge, and the party had to make the best of it. Among the party were a couple of well-known railroad men from Sunbury accompanied by their wives. While waiting for the train to take them home, these two fellows, who are full of fun, thought they would pass away a few minutes in amusing the girls of the opera company. Nothing improper had taken place and nothing to get mad about, but the wives were wrathful and kicked against that part of the programme. They waltzed their husbands out of the car by their ears, and created a great sensation among the passengers who witnessed the racket.

\$30,000 FOR \$2.

That is What a Lucky New Yorker who Invested in The Louisiana State Lottery Won in Last Month's Drawing.

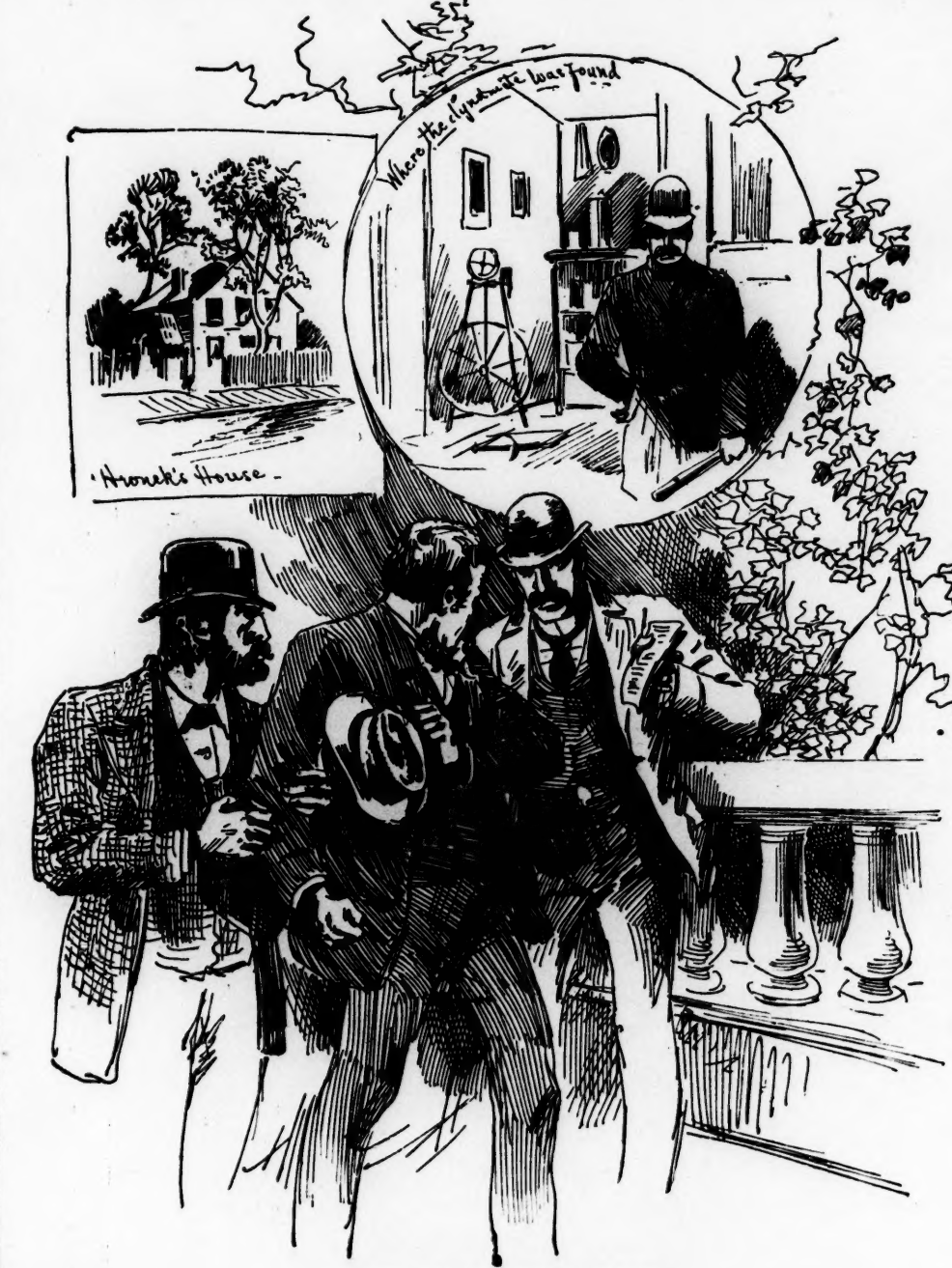
Fortune smiles upon some people, and they cannot refrain from sharing it with their friends. Their exuberance over being favored with the smiles of the fickle goddess is so great that they regard it as too good a thing to bottle up in their own bosoms, and forthwith spread the glad tidings among all they know. Other people are of so secretive a nature that they must needs hide their light under a bushel and in secret bask in Fortune's smiles.

Such a person is the lucky holder of one-tenth of ticket No. 30,443 that drew the first capital prize of \$300,000 in the June drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery, which entitled him to a cool \$30,000 with which he is now undoubtedly having a good time.

Least his good fortune should be noised abroad he entrusted his ticket for collection to Messrs. Purdy & Nicholas, the well-known wine merchants of 43 Beaver street. When a reporter asked Mr. Nicholas about the matter he laughed and said: "The money has been collected through the Adams Express Company and handed over to the lucky holder of the winning ticket, who, by the way, is in no way connected with our firm. He is a friend who wanted to avoid publicity, and so had us collect the money for him. I am not at liberty to mention his name, as I know it would be contrary to his wishes. Of one thing, however, I can assure you; the money was received all right and handed over to the fortunate winner, who realized so handsome a return upon his investment of \$2.—New York Daily News, July 17.

ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS FOR 25 CENTS.

No Democrat should be without the Elegant Colored Portraits of Cleveland and Thurman; size, 11 by 14, sent to any address for 25 cents.



ARREST OF DYNAMITER PRONOK.

who had been lying in wait for him for hours. He resolutely declined to say another word, but to an Associated Press representative who obtained access to him later alone, the Inspector consented to give a definite authoritative statement as to the extent of the conspiracy. Said he:

"It is a mistake to suppose that the arrests to-day imply a widespread, organized cabal, backed by brains, or that public buildings were to be blown up and a reign of terror be inaugurated. This is pure bosh, and the reports that I have said anything of the kind are wholly unauthorized and untrue. There are most decidedly not twenty people involved in this affair, notwithstanding statements to the contrary. It is a sort of sporadic outbreak, and involves at the outside less than half the number of persons named. These men are Bohemians, and very few, indeed, of that nationality are anarchists. It is to this circumstance that their plot escaped notice somewhat and the knowledge of it came to us in a roundabout way. The others are too well watched to get so far. Too much is being

LIKES A GOOD PAPER.

CANTALIA, Iowa, July 8, 1888. PUBLISHER POLICE GAZETTE.—Dear Sir: My subscription to the GAZETTE expires with the next number. I would like to have it continued for 13 weeks more. The GAZETTE is the best paper in America. Yours truly, ANDREW HETLAND.



JUDGE GARY.



ISMI MARTIN,

ALIAS MISS BAGG, THE CLEVER SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL FORGER OF DETROIT, MICHIGAN.



CHIARA CIGNARALE,

WHOSE SENTENCE OF DEATH HAS BEEN COMMUTED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT.



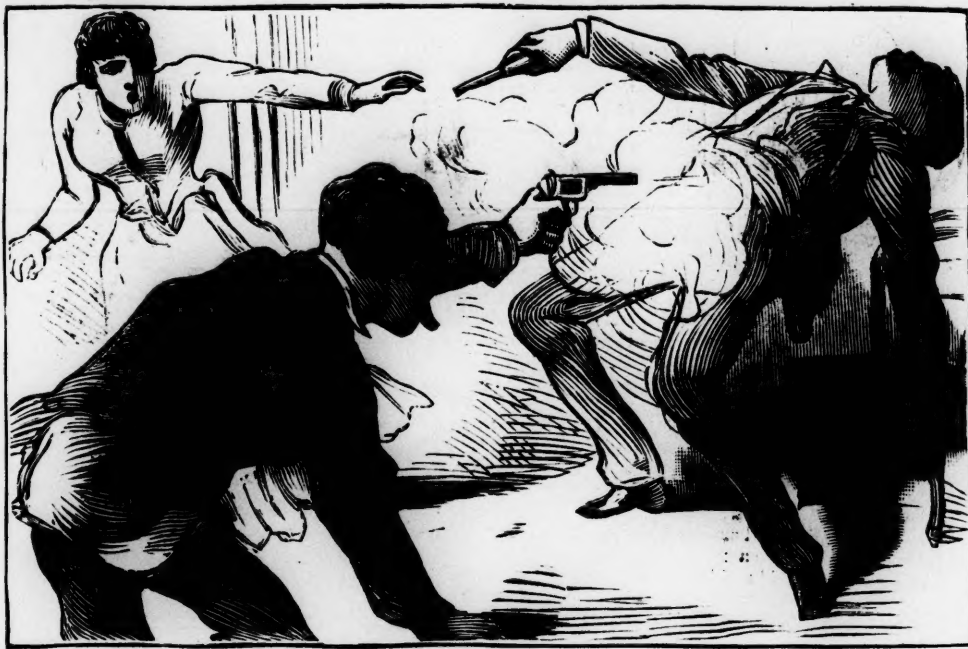
DR. W. S. HOY,

OF POINT PLEASANT, W. VA., WHO SHOT AND KILLED HIS MISTRESS, MISS JULIA HUSKINS.



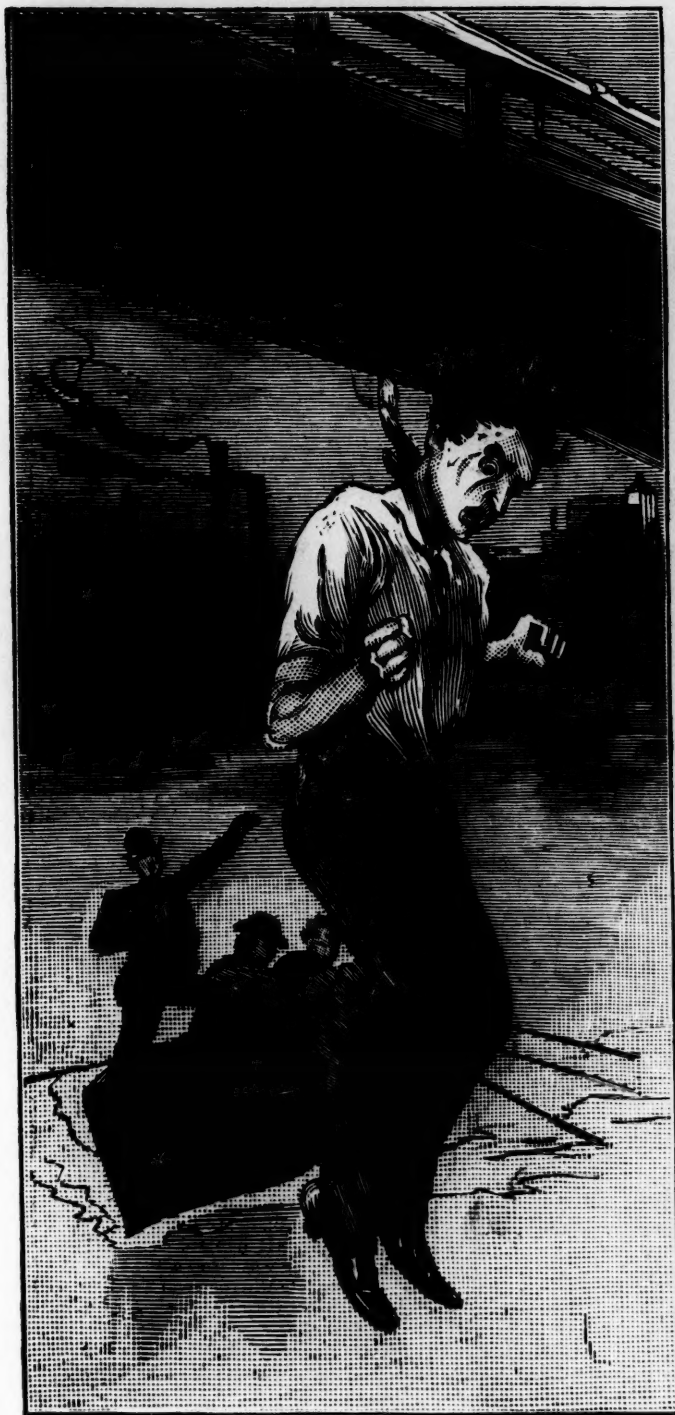
TOOK THE STARCH OUT OF HIM.

MRS. REV. J. BASEL THOMAS THRASHES THE REV. BANDA WEST OF GRATZ, KY., WHO SHE ALLEGES SLANDERED HER.



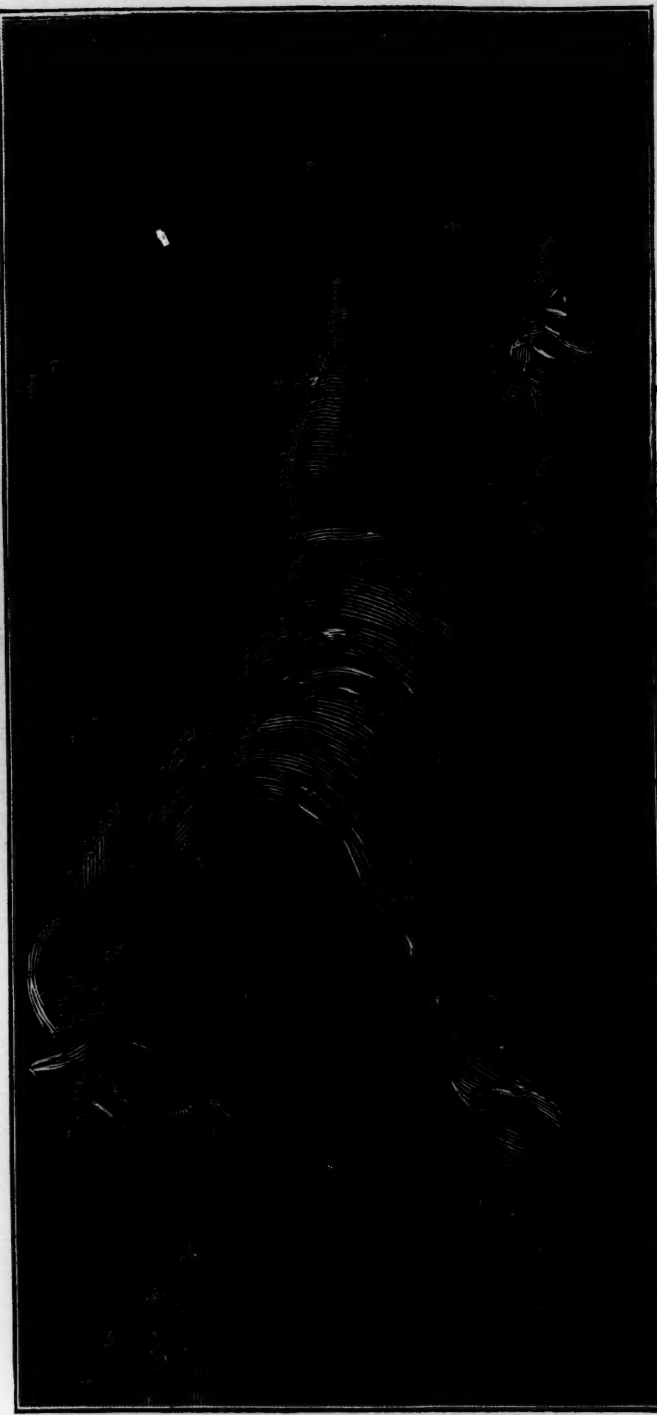
DIED IN A DIVE.

OFFICER GEORGE GOODELL KILLS BEN BLACK, A NOTORIOUS CHARACTER, IN A HOUSE OF ILL-FAME AT LEAVENWORTH, KAN.



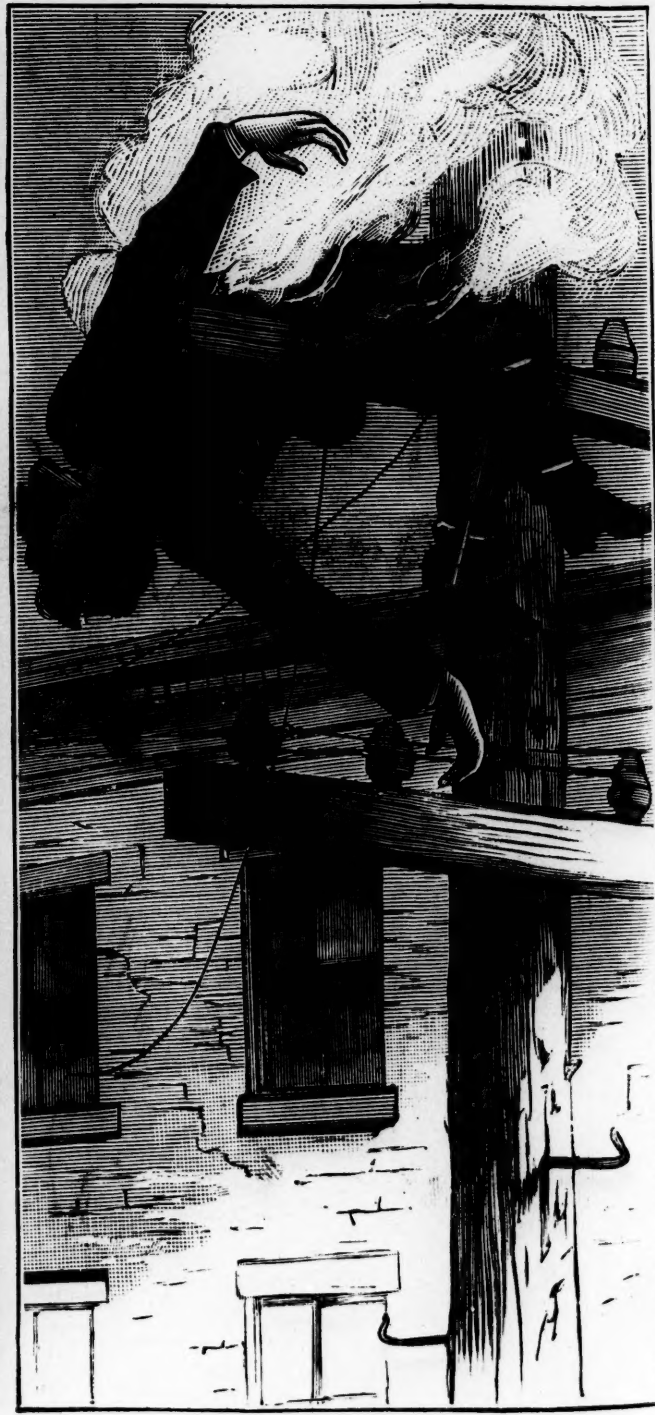
JUMPED EIGHTY FEET,

YOUNG PETER M'GUIGAN RIVALS STEVE BRODIE BY LEAPING FROM A LOFTY BRIDGE AT PHILADELPHIA, PA.



FATAL FALL OF A SOMNAMBULIST.

WILLIAM M'CONKEY, A SLEEP WALKER, WALKS OFF A VERANDA AT REPUBLIC, MICH., AND IS KILLED.



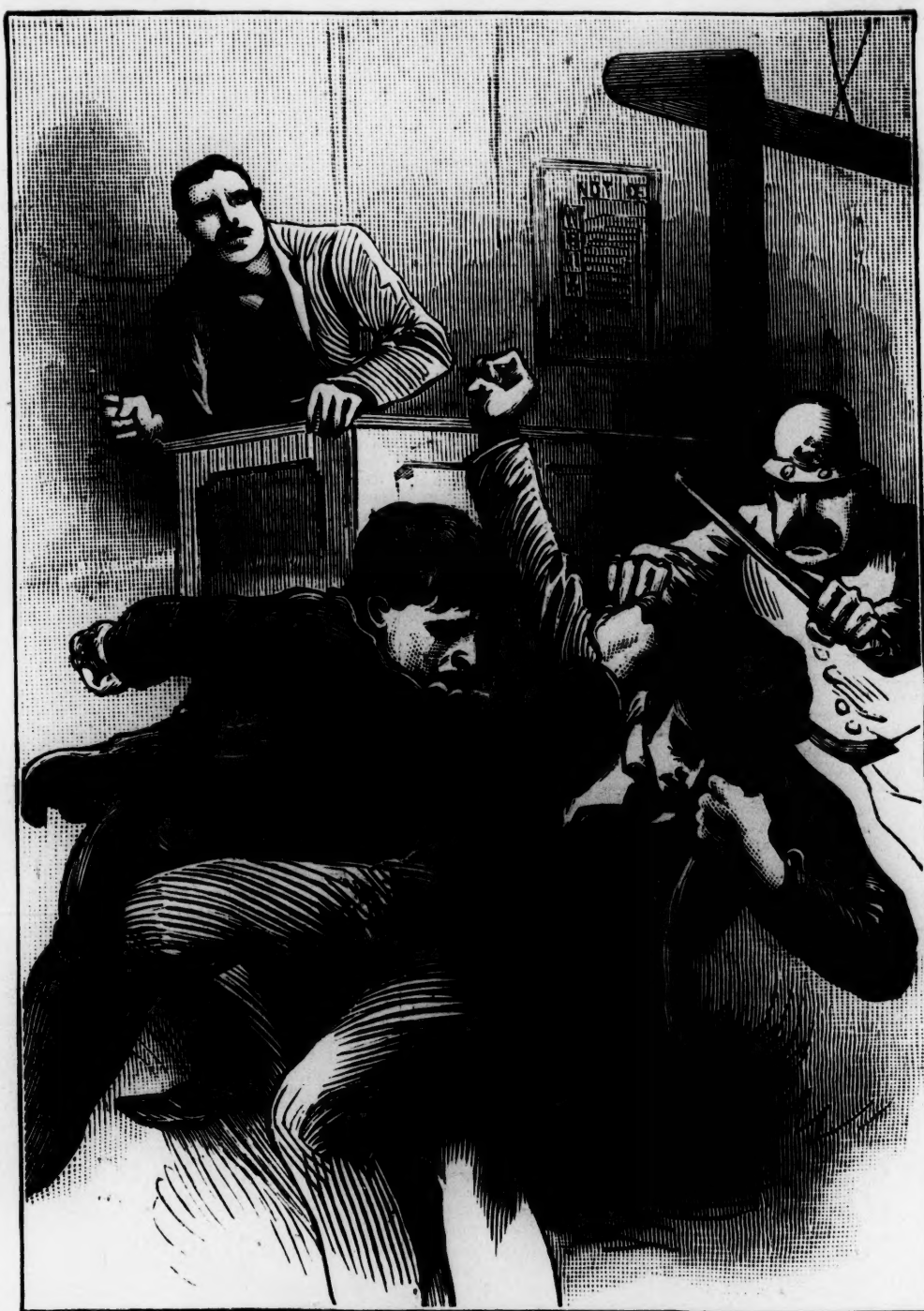
BURNED IN MID-AIR.

THE TERRIBLE FATE OF A TELEGRAPH COMPANY'S EMPLOYEE AT PARKERSBURG, W. VA., WHILE REPAIRING A WIRE.



PULLED OUT OF THE PULPIT.

REV. J. N. ALLEN, PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH, QUINCY, MASS., SUDDENLY TURNS PUGILIST BUT GETS BADLY WORSTED IN THE FIRST ROUND.



"I'LL BRAND YOU FOR LIFE."

WALTER BURNHAM, A WELL-KNOWN SPORT OF FORT WAYNE, IND., ASSAULTS WILLIAM T. EATON, THE PUGILIST, TO MAKE GOOD A THREAT.



STOPPED THEIR RACKET.

TWO SUNBURY, PA., WIVES CATCH THEIR GALLANT SPOUSES WITH SOME PRETTY BALLET GIRLS AND GO FOR THEM,

PUGILISTIC.

Killen Takes Exception to the "Gazette's" Criticism of Him.

A SPICY COMMUNICATION.

The Black Pearl, of Minneapolis, knocked out Joseph Smith, of Cincinnati, in the fourth round in a six-round contest for \$150 a side at Lake City last Monday.

Jake Kilrain writes from Hanley, Eng., July 2, as follows: "This is my last week for showing in England. Mitchell and myself are going to Ireland for a visit, and then we will sail for home."

On July 14 Tom Ward, of Cincinnati, and Tom Hogan, of Canada, met in a twenty-round glove contest for a purse of \$500 and gate receipts, at Columbus, Ohio. Hogan won, knocking Ward out.

Wm. Bradburn, the well-known pugilist, has opened a new sporting house, 4150 Halsted street, Chicago. He had a grand opening on July 11, and commenced his voyage as a boniface under very flattering circumstances.

The "Umpire," England, says that John L. Sullivan will never enter the ring again for a fight in earnest. Whiskey and Charley Mitchell have taken all the sand out of the big fellow, and he will take a snub from anybody.

The California Athletic Club of the Pacific Coast intends to offer a purse for Jim Smith, the champion pugilist of England, and Joe McAuliffe to battle for. If Smith will agree to box for a purse of \$2,000 it is the intention of the California Athletic Club to offer the purse.

The "Licensed Victuallers' Gazette" is responsible for the following: "The proprietor of the New York POLICE GAZETTE has just arrived for the purpose of depositing £1,000 on behalf of Jake Kilrain, who is to fight any man in the world. As usual, the world resolves itself into one individual—John L. Sullivan. Richard K. Fox would like to make a match between Mitchell and Jack Dempsey for the middle-weight championship."

James Dolan, the Rhode Island heavy-weight, has issued a challenge to Jim Felt, of Grand Rapids, Mich., for a fight to a finish with skin tight gloves for a purse of \$500 a side, or more if desired. He gives Felt thirty days in which to accept and thirty days more in which to prepare for the fight. Dolan has posted \$150 forfeit in Providence, and makes but one stipulation—namely, that the fight shall take place outside of Rhode Island.

Though their pet, Joe McAuliffe, is laid on the shelf nursing a lame hand, the Californians are determined to have their modicum of flat sport, and for that purpose they have induced Boston's heavy-weight black boxer, George Godfrey, to agree to visit San Francisco and there to battle with that Antipodean Umpisopogana, Peter Jackson. The latter's bout with old Con Rordan, formerly of Cincinnati and St. Louis, has convinced the Occidentals that he is a remarkably clever boxer; but he will have to be even better than that to best Godfrey, who is undoubtedly the best of our native off-color sluggers.

There is every prospect of an international prize fight being arranged between Mike Conley, the Ithaca Giant, of Ashland, Wis., the champion of the Northwest, and Jim Smith, the champion of England, for \$5,000—\$2,500 a side. Smith recently issued a challenge, backed up by the Pelican Club, of London, to the effect that he was ready to fight any man in the world, except Jake Kilrain, the champion, for \$500 a side, and allow any man in America expenses to fight either in Spain or France. The challenge has been accepted by Mike Conley, the Ithaca Giant and champion of the Northwest, and the following was cabled to the *Sporting Life*, London:

GEORGE W. ATKINSON—Mike Conley, the Ithaca Giant, champion of the Northwest, will fight Jim Smith, the champion of England, according to London prize ring rules, for \$2,500 a side, four or six months from signing articles, the battle to be fought within 100 miles of any city agreed upon, and Conley will allow Smith \$500 for expenses. Answer. MIKE CONLEY.

After J. D. Hayes' dispatches were received in this city, Richard K. Fox was called by William E. Harding and there is not the least doubt that the great match will be brought about. There is no one in England, except Kilrain, who would meet Smith, nor is there any one in this country who will meet Conley in a bona fide match, hence a match between these two great pugilists is a matter of great interest.

Patsy Cardiff, like all defeated men, is very anxious to remove the tarnish from his record, and is terribly eager for another fight with Pat Kilrain. He is not likely to be accommodated, however, for Sir Patrick has become very topknotical of late, and says he will condescend to bruise his knuckles on no one until he has had a chance at Jake Kilrain. This intention is gall and wormwood to Cardiff, as well as to Mike Conley, but there is no law to make a man fight if he doesn't want to, and so they will rest in enforced peacefulness, unless they take a notion to fight each other meanwhile. Conley's backer, J. D. Hayes, has written a long letter to an acquaintance in this city setting forth at length his futile endeavors to get on a match with Kilrain, and winding up with the announcement that Conley is willing to fight any man in America, according to either London ring or "Police Gazette" rules, for from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side, thirty days from the date of signing articles. It will be remembered that John L. Sullivan and Dominick McCaffrey are at present in America, and perhaps if their attention is called to this Ithaca bugle blast of defiance they may think it over carefully before doing anything rash like accepting his offer. Conley's backer is a man of deeds, not words. He believes Conley can conquer any man in the world in the orthodox 24-foot ring, and every one must give J. D. Hayes credit. He has the gold galore to back up his opinion, and is ready to put it up. It is an old saying that "talk is cheap, but money buys land," so while Kilrain and the balance of the heavy-weights are talking, Conley stands ready to meet all comers, and he has the backing

The N. Y. "Herald," March 16, says: "Ringmaster John L. Sullivan, claimant to the championship of the world, arrived in Boston, July 15th. About ten o'clock P. M. he was the same old John L. who used to make things lively for the boys. 'Just tell the people that I have not given up the prize ring,' he said. 'Mitchell and Kilrain, two big blowers, are coming over August 1. I am not for talk, but want to fight. I mean it too! I will fight one or both, any way they wish, for \$15,000 to \$25,000 a side, and we'll fight to a finish. I don't care what rules are adopted. I had as lief fight London prize ring as Marquis of Queensberry, and it makes no odds whether I use two-ounce gloves or bare knuckles. I tell you John L. Sullivan is not dead.' Two days later the N. Y. *Herald* published the following under the caption, 'Sullivan's Glory Gone: Boston's former idol, John L. Sullivan, has lost his grip on the sports of the Hub. The boys went to the circus to see him, but their ages ranged from ten to sixteen. The bloods of the city, the bartenders with big diamond pins and the baggy-legged swells of Beacon street and the Back Bay did not attend. The circus tent belonging to John B. Doris and John L. Sullivan was pitched in the midst of the champion's old admirers, instead of having it placed in the regular grounds, near Dartmouth street. It was located at the corner of Harrison avenue and Dover street, with a piano factory on one side and an iron foundry on the other. Close by were the tenement houses of South Boston, while on every hand were portable photograph galleries and cheap gin mills. Five years ago this vicinity would have produced five thousand men who would have walked a mile to see Sullivan spar and pay \$1 a piece for the privilege. To-night the tent did not contain over twenty-three hundred people, and half of them were children not yet out of school. John L. wore his usual dress suit, the same one that was wrinkled in his encounter with Captain Dick Irish soon after his return from Europe. The old creases were still there. When John L. and his white stallion came in some one shouted 'Here he comes!' 'Which one?'

asked the small boys who did not know the champion. There were no cheers and no 'Hiya's' such as the big fellow was accustomed to get when he and Jack Ashton came on to spar. There was an odd South Boston cove who yelled for a moment and that was all. One youngster was irreverent enough to ask, 'Why didn't you knock out Mitchell?' He was quieted and so were the combats. The show was tame all through. When the Boston slinger was champion of the world he was applauded; now that he is ringmaster of a circus he has fallen in grace. One of his old admirers said: 'There is a big distinction between ringmaster and master of the ring. As for the show, that was passable and not more. If John L. wants to be popular in Boston again he must fight for it.'

The proposed negotiations for a flat encounter between Mike Conley, the Ithaca Giant, and Pat Kilrain, the Duluth Slasher, for \$2,500 a side, still hangs fire, owing to the fact that Kilrain's backer fails to cover Conley's money. Owing to Kilrain's singular action in neglecting to ratify a match with the Ithaca Giant, the *GAZETTE* felt justified in severely criticizing him. Killen takes exception to our remarks, and C. W. Ryder, of St. Paul, Minn., champions his cause, as will be seen by the communication which we publish below. We most emphatically differ from our correspondent when he chooses to slur Conley, as he does without stint. But as we desire to treat every one with fairness who may feel aggrieved at anything which may appear in the *GAZETTE* concerning them, we cheerfully give room to Mr. Ryder's lengthy epistle, taking the liberty, however, to eliminate such matter as is entirely irrelevant to the subject. What the *POLICE GAZETTE* has published in reference to the matter we stand by, and still claim that Conley's defeat of John P. Clow, in the battle for the championship of the Northwest, stamps him a great pugilist. His victory over Clow was a better performance, in our opinion, than any of Kilrain's victories. Conley's record, which we have not space to publish in full, speaks for itself. His greatest victory was his battle with John P. Clow, of Duluth, for the championship of the Northwest, which the Ithaca Giant won, knocking his opponent out. Conley's victory proved him to be the best man in America, and J. D. Hayes, his backer, offered to match him against any man in the world, Pat Kilrain preferred, but no one has dared meet Conley since. Following is Mr. Ryder's letter:

ST. PAUL, July 16, 1888.
RICHARD K. FOX, Esq.—Dear Sir: In the interests of fair play I am constrained to write you regarding sundry items that have recently appeared in your paper relative to Pat Kilrain, whom you are pleased to term "the Duluth Slasher." You seem to lay great stress on the fact that a certain Hayes has offered to back Mike Conley against Kilrain to fight for \$2,500 a side, and that he has posted a forfeit of \$500. Consequently, you at once say that Kilrain should accept the challenge. I see no more reason why Kilrain should fight Conley than that the thousand and one challenges that have been hurled at Dempsey, Mitchell, Ryan, and other pugilists of the front rank should have been accepted. In the first place, who is Conley? Who has he ever met that Kilrain could not whip in a punch? Conley fought a three-round draw with Jack Ashton, also draws with Sparrow Golden, Bill Gabig, Mike Boden, the "Kanuck" and John P. Clow. Truly this is a wonderful record. Why, I could produce a dozen men in the Northwest, and not from the heavy-weight class either, who have "records" equally as good. I cannot believe that you would consider a comparison between Kilrain and Conley, or that you consider the latter in the same class. If you do, why not accept Conley's challenge on behalf of Kilrain, for the challenge is open to the world? Let us, for the sake of comparison, look at the records of the two men. Kilrain has a record of 47 knock-outs—a number probably equal to that of any man in the country, unless it be Jack Dempsey. Clow has whipped all the men that have fought draws with Conley, and even Donny Kilrain (a brother of Pat) fought draws with Gabig and the rest of them. No one would compare Kilrain with Clow or Donny Kilrain. The men who have met Conley are known as worn-out pugilists, or men unfit by debauchery to face a pugilist of fair fame.

Hayes offers \$250 to any man who will arrange a match between Conley and Kilrain, but how careful he is to cover the money with such a profusion of conditions that it would require an Aladdin's lamp to find it. I will agree, however, that if he will put \$250 cash (no checks) in your hands to bring about a fight with Kilrain for \$2,500 a side, "Police Gazette" rules, ounce gloves, for a fight to a finish, Kilrain will not stand back in the matter. But the fight must be in private, and occur within four weeks, for Conley must not be allowed to advertise his name for any considerable period with Kilrain's, and so work up his (Conley's) reputation. Your conscience need not cause you to lay awake nights, for you will never have the care or responsibility of holding Mr. Hayes "collateral." He usually posts that where it is easy to take down.

Kilrain's victory over Cardiff by a chance blow delivered in the fourth round of the contest has made both him and his backer suffer from the disease known as "big head," and the offer of Spencer, Kilrain's backer, to match Kilrain against any man in the world for \$10,000 a side is only a big bluff. I quote from the *GAZETTE*. I desire to say that Kilrain has made this offer to fight Kilrain but once, and then in my special to you. If you think Kilrain a newspaper fighter you are greatly mistaken, for he is not given to blowing. He makes the proposition that he will fight Kilrain, and in the course of a month will post his forfeit and issue his challenge like a little man. That's Kilrain. Now, how about that "chance" blow? I do not believe there are a dozen of the 2,500 who saw that fight that will say that it was a "chance" blow. It would be a virtual acknowledgment that Kilrain was devoid of science to admit such a thing, and his bitterest enemy will say that Kilrain is a very clever man. Donaldson, the backer of Cardiff, admits this fact. A chance blow is one struck when men are in the heat of battle and the arms are flying about like those of a windmill. The blow that sent Cardiff to grass was simply a cross-counter, having a slight upward tendency. Cardiff had led just as the round opened, and failed to land, and the next instant he was doubled up with the blow sent out with the force of a catapult. Could this be called a "chance" blow? There was nothing of that kind about it, and there is no argument that would support such an assertion. Kilrain has struck forty-seven just such blows. Were they all by chance? Hayes states that Kilrain has challenged Kilrain while the seas divide them. Now this is the very reason why Kilrain has failed to post his forfeit before. He simply wants no cheap newspaper advertising. When Kilrain, the acknowledged champion, returns, he will hear from Kilrain immediately, and a contest will be arranged very quickly. There is one thing I would like to see corrected, and that is the amount of the stakes to be fought for. This error is accounted for through some mistake in transmission of my special to you. It should have read \$5,000 instead of \$10,000, otherwise the challenge is a substantial one, as you will see, taken in the season. The reason why Kilrain would not care to face Conley is this. Why should he want to fight a second-rate man for \$2,500 when he might defeat the champion and win \$5,000? Could anything be more reasonable? There would be no honor in defeating Conley, and it is difficult to believe that there would be any money for it is hardly fair to suppose that a sane man would put \$2,500 behind Conley as against Kilrain. Another thing. Suppose by accident Kilrain should strike sufficient to break his hand or arm and should lose, what show would he have of getting on a match with Kilrain? This is not stating that I think Kilrain would have an easy thing with Kilrain, for I believe Kilrain is entitled to championship honors. No man ever fought a harder or gamer battle than did Kilrain for the world's championship. He is one of the most scientific, hard-hitting and gamest men in the ring, a fitting representative on whom the mantle of Tom Hyer should rest. This is why Kilrain should face him, and he has the nerve to believe he can win. Cardiff fought a six-round draw with Mitchell and Sullivan. Kilrain defeated Cardiff in less than four rounds. Is Mitchell a clever fighter? Let Conley go and fight Cardiff; then, if he wins, he can talk business to Kilrain, otherwise a prescription for a swelled head might not be ill considered by the gas-bag from Ashland. If he wants newspaper notoriety let him visit the business office of the paper and pay regular rates, for he has become too well known in the Northwest to apply for space at the editorial rooms. Yours very truly,

C. W. RYDER,
On behalf of Kilrain.

CLEVELAND AND THURMAN PORTRAITS.

No Democrat should be without the Elegant Colored Portraits of Cleveland and Thurman. Size, 11 by 14. Sent to any address for 25 cents.

SPORTING.

Richard K. Fox's Liberal Offer in Relation to the Proposed Kemp-Teemer Match.

NOTES OF INTEREST.

The Manhattan Athletic Club have changed the date of their annual fall games from September 22 to September 8, 1888.

James Golden, better known as Sparrow Golden, writes that he is not the Sparrow Golden who is continually being arrested and who is now on Blackwell's Island.

M. W. Ford, the all-round amateur champion of America, in jumping the beach on July 15 broke the record for three standing broad jumps in bare feet. He cleared 32 feet 2½ inches.

Isaac Murphy, the jockey, has sold to Green B. Morris the chestnut colt Barriester, 3 years old, by Bramble, dam Miss Harding, by Imp. Great Tom, out of Melita, by Muggins, for the reported price of \$4,000.

James Finney, the champion swimmer of England, is to visit this country, and on his arrival he will be ready to meet any man in America in a swimming contest. Finney's backer is W. L. Booth, of Branch street, Fall River.

Joe McAuliffe, the heavy-weight champion of the Pacific Slope, who won a big reputation by knocking out Paddy Ryan and Frank Glover, is to make a tour of the West this fall. His next match will probably be with Conley, better known as the Ithaca Giant.

J. C. Van Meter, the driver of the trotting horse Faro, was fined \$500 at Jackson, Mich., for alleged pulling. A new driver was put in the sulky, but Elmwood Chief won the race. It looks like a case that may be carried before the National Trotting Association.

Mr. St. John is anxious to give Jake Gaudaur another chance to beat John Teemer, and will back his man against the Pittsburgher for \$1,000 a side, whether he wins or loses the coming double race. The O'Connor people can also have a match with Gaudaur if they want it.

The Executive Committee of the Coney Island Jockey Club announces that the Futurity Stake will be run on Labor day, Monday, September 3. Out of the original entry of 753 the number of two-year-olds eligible to start is 363. The probable value of the stake is \$50,000.

The John B. Doris and Gray Circus with John L. Sullivan the drawing card went up in a balloon at Boston on July 19. The show had been a regular failure and the firm dissolved partnership by mutual consent. Sullivan is running in hard luck and he will now begin to realize his position.

The Nassau Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, after a prosperous history of several years, has ceased to exist. A few nights ago the directors of the club carefully considered the situation, and concluded that disbandment could alone save the organization from financial disaster. Before going out of existence the club paid all its debts.

John F. Roth, C. W. Roth, George Ware and William Cummings, the four-oared crew of the Queen City Rowing Club of Buffalo, are out with a challenge to row any four-oared crew in the United States a three-mile race, with or without turn, for the championship and \$1,000, or for any amount not less than \$150 or more than \$500 a side.

The "Sporting News," Boston, a new paper, says: "Richard K. Fox has offered a purse of \$5,000, to be rowed for, single sculls, between John Teemer, the American champion, and Peter Kemp, of Australia, the champion of the world. Mr. Fox offers to give Kemp \$1,000 for expenses if he will come to the United States to row the race this fall."

The Manchester (Eng.) "Evening News" says: "John L. Sullivan has been keeping very quiet of late. There is a twofold reason for this. In the first place, he cannot raise the wind for a row, and has even got to that point where there is no noise. The circus venture does not seem to blossom as well as it might. Oh, how the 'mighty' have fallen!"

The Baltimore regatta will be held on August 7 or 8. The purse of \$500 will be divided as follows: \$300 to first, \$200 to second, \$150 to third, \$100 to fourth and \$50 to fifth. Teemer, Gaudaur, Hosmer, McKay and Hamm have already entered and a good race is guaranteed. The course is on the Severn river at Round Bay, a watering place, and is said to be a very good one.

The New York "Sun," July 13, says: "Richard K. Fox has offered a purse of \$5,000 to be rowed for, single sculls, between John Teemer, the American champion, and Peter Kemp, of Australia, the champion of the world, and the 'Police Gazette' champion challenge cup. Mr. Fox offers to give Kemp \$1,000 for expenses if he will come to the United States to row the race this fall."

We have received the following circular from the Fair Play Club, of Boston: "A special meeting of the Fair Play Club will take place in this city within two weeks, when an international glove contest of fifteen rounds, Queensberry rules, will be decided between Jim Kendrick, middle-weight champion of Great Britain, and Jack C. McGee, clever East Boston middle-weight, for a purse of \$500."

The Queen City Hook and Ladder Co., of Spearfish, Dak., Black Hills, at the Black Hills Firemen's Association tournament, ran 300 yards with 1,000-pound cart, raised 24-foot ladder and climbed it in 45 1-5 seconds. This was a scrub team, mostly kids. In the ladderman's contest, run 50 feet, climb 24-foot ladder, James Smith, of the Q. C. H. L., made it in 5 1-5 seconds, the starter sending him off while he had his back turned, losing ½ second.

The New York "Star," July 13, says: "Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, has offered a purse of \$5,000 to Peter Kemp and John Teemer if they will row in America for the 'Police Gazette' champion challenge cup. This is one of the most liberal offers ever made by a disinterested party, and should be the means of bringing these celebrated men together. Richard K. Fox also offers \$1,000 to Kemp for expenses if he will come to this country."

At Halifax, on July 16, A. McDonald, of Nova Scotia, and H. M. Dufur, of Marlboro, Mass., wrestled, collar and elbow, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$500 a side. The contest was for the best two in three falls. Dufur was a much heavier man than his antagonist. The latter, however, secured the first fall, when Dufur won the other two easily. The building was crowded with excited spectators, and there was considerable disappointment over the way the match ended. At the finish Dufur offered to wrestle for \$500 a side any two men that could be produced; he to meet the other two one after the other.

"Town and Country," Sydney, Australia, says: "In the latest number of the New York *POLICE GAZETTE* I see an acknowledgment of the receipt of James A. Keenan's challenge to play Philip Casey, the champion handball player of America, a series of matches for \$200 a side. According to the same enterprising paper, Casey has lost no time in replying, as it is said that 'Phil Casey, the champion handball player, called at the *POLICE GAZETTE* office and deposited a forfeit of \$250 to play James A. Keenan, the champion of New South Wales, for \$10,000 a side. He agrees to allow Keenan \$1,000 for expenses incurred by him in coming to New York to play the game.' Richard K. Fox has decided, with his usual generosity, that if the match is ratified he shall put up a handball championship trophy, valued at \$1,000."

There will be a six-hour-a-day race for six days, go-as-you-please, from August 4 to August 11, under the management of William H. Gallor, to take place in the Casino Rink, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., open to the world, for half the gross receipts, the money from the sale of privileges and reserved seats included. The money to be divided the same as in the last six

days' race at Madison Square Garden, with an extra cash Citizen Prize of \$50 for any prize winner covering the greatest distance in any one of the six days. No man to be entitled to any part of the gate money who does not cover 180 miles in the six days; the men can have a representative in the box office or at the door. The receipts will be counted every night and paid deposited to the runners' credit. Race to begin at 6 P. M. and to finish at 12 o'clock midnight. Entrance fee, \$10; to be made on or before Aug. 2.

A Cincinnati exchange says: "The offer of Richard K. Fox to put up \$5,000 for an international single-scutt race between Peter Kemp, the champion of the world, and John Teemer, the champion of America, and allow the Australian \$1,000 for expenses, is a liberal offer, and if the Australian is the great oarsman it is said he is, he should not for a moment hesitate to accept Richard K. Fox's offer. Besides rowing for the \$5,000 purse, there is the 'Police Gazette' champion challenge cup, which cost \$1,000 and is the emblem of the single-scutt championship of the world. If Kemp is averse to rowing against our champion in America, let some sporting man in New South Wales put up a purse of \$5,000 and a challenge cup, like the trophy Teemer holds, and give Teemer \$1,000 for expenses, and then he will make the journey to Australia to compete with Kemp in his native country. But the championship of the world has been rowed for enough in Australia and England, and it is time one of these great contests was rowed in America."

In regard to the recent prize fight in Kent the *Sporting Life*, London, July 3, says: "At the Sittingbourne, Petty Sessions on July 3 also Roberts and Jim Hayes, the pugilists who fought the severe battle at Rainham, Kent, a few weeks ago, together with John Hicks, John Harper and Robert Habbjam (who acted as seconds, or were otherwise actively engaged in the fight), and Mr. Frederick Robert Scott, farmer, of Rainham, upon whose land the battle was fought, were charged with committing a riot and assault at Rainham on the 19th of May last. Hicks and Hayes did not appear, but the other defendants attended. The court was densely crowded. Mr. F. G. Gibson, solicitor, of Sittingbourne, acting under instructions from the Treasury, appeared on behalf of the Public Prosecutor. Mr. Scott asked for a remand, and a letter was received from his solicitors also asking that the case might be adjourned. Mr. Gibson said he did not want to take any undue advantage in a case of that sort and offered no objection. The defendant Harper, asked what he was brought down there at all for. No one could swear to him, and he thought it was very unfair. The Bench were of opinion that he thought only take it as one case, as all the defendants were concerned in it, and the case was then adjourned until the next petty sessions. The defendants afterwards left the court, followed by a crowd of admirers, Roberts and Habbjam apparently being amused at the situation."

An important flat encounter has been arranged between Jack Varley the middle-weight champion of England, who recently arrived in this country to meet all comers, and George Le Blanche, the Marine, who has figured in many a hard-fought battle. For several weeks the pugilists have been issuing challenges and counter challenges backed up with the sinews of war. Finally both parties met, and after a long discussion, came to a satisfactory understanding. Le Blanche was eager to meet the English champion at the middle-weight limit, 144 pounds, but neither Varley nor his backer, Joe Wooley, would consent to the proposition. Varley finally agreed to meet Le Blanche and confine himself to 160 pounds, which Le Blanche agreed to do. Articles of agreement were then signed and one hundred a side posted for the men to box according to "Police Gazette" rules, neither to weigh more than 160 pounds twelve hours before the time set for entering the ring, for \$500 a side and ticket money. Only fifteen on each side will be allowed, including seconds, and tickets will be \$50 each. The contest is to be decided within 100 miles of New York on Saturday, August 30, and the men are to be in the ring between the hours of 1 A. M. and 6 A. M. The final deposit is to be posted on Monday, August 10, with the stakeholder, where a referee is to be selected. Should the men and their backers fail to agree upon a referee, the stakeholder is to either select or appoint one. The referee is to select the battle ground, and should either side bring more than the number of friends specified, he will have the power to change the place of meeting. Warren Lewis is backing Le Blanche, while Joe Wooley is backing Varley.

The following were the results of the racing in the National Regatta at Sunbury, Pa., July 19 and 20: The first Junior single was won by H. H. Seaton, of the Excelsior Club, of Paterson, N. J.; Lee Covett, of the Columbia Club, Allegheny, Pa., and G. D. Strickland, of the Don Amateur Club, Toronto. Strickland came in first-time, 13:31; Seaton second, 13:30; Covett, 13:49.

The first heat of the senior singles resulted: Donohue, of Hamilton, Ontario, first, in 12:18; Ryan, of Toronto, second, 12:32; Pilkington, of the Metropolitan Club, New York city, dropped out at the half mile, and Mulcahy, of Albany, New York, dropped out at the end of the first mile.

In the second trial heat Junior singles there were three entries—Shea, of the Don Amateur Club, of Toronto; Gurgery, of Cohoes, N. Y., and J. J. Berry, of Newark, N. J. Berry dropped out before the first mile. Shea won in 13:54; Gurgery's time was 13:53.

In the second trial heat senior singles Paotta, of the Schuylkill Navy, won with ease in 13:04. Jerry Donohue, of Hamilton, and Goepfert, of the Metropolitan Club, New York, came along side by side near the finish, but Goepfert made a spurt and led Donohue for second place by a quarter of a boat length.

On July 20 the final heat of the Junior singles was rowed. There were four starters: G. A. Strickland and M. Shea, of the Don Amateur rowing club, Toronto; W. J. Gurgery of the Cohoes Club, of Cohoes, N. Y., and H. H. Seaton, of the Excelsior Club, Paterson, N. J. It was a good race from beginning to end. Gurgery held the lead for half a mile, then Shea went to the fore, and was never headed, winning by a length, in 10 minutes 55 seconds. His club mate, Strickland, was second and Seaton third.

In the final heat for the senior single sculls Dennis Donohue of Hamilton, Ont.; C. G. Paotta of Philadelphia and J. J. Ryan of Toronto were the starters. Donohue took the lead and kept it almost to the finish, when Paotta spurted and won by five feet. Time, 9 minutes 55 seconds. Donohue second; time, 9 minutes 55½ seconds. This gives Paotta the title of amateur champion oarsman of America, and he proposes next year to go to England and row for the amateur championship there.

The Cornell University crew, which defeated the University of Pennsylvania for the Downing cup on the Schuylkill on Independence day, withdrew from the four-oared shell contest. Charles Courtney, their trainer, stated in explanation that two members of the crew, McComb and Dollar, were very sick and unable to row. This only left four starters, as follows: Pot-mac Boat Club, Washington, D. C.; Toronto Rowing Club, Toronto, Can.; Passaic Boat Club, Newark, N. J.; Sylvan Boat Club, Moline, Ill. The Passaic won in 8 minutes 47½ seconds; Toronto, second, 8 minutes 59½ seconds; Washington, third, 9 minutes 16½ seconds. At the half mile the Washington fouled the Sylvan crew and broke their boat, and the Sylvan dropped out of the race. The make-up of the winning crew was: J. H. Cranberry, bow; Fred Freeman, 2; Charles A. Lunjacks, 3, and M. L. Quigley, stroke. Considerable money was changed on the result of this race.

The double-scutt race was between the Don Amateur Club, Toronto; the Metropolitan, of New York, and the Nonpareil, of New York. The Don Amateurs—T. Delaney, bow; A. F. Robertson, stroke—won in 9 minutes 20½ seconds; Nonpareil second, 9 minutes 30½ seconds; Metropolitan, 9 minutes 44½ seconds.

The last race of the day was between the Fairmount and a Crescent eight-oared shell crew, both of Philadelphia. It was a very close struggle, and Fairmount won by three-fourths of a length, in 8 minutes 32½ seconds. Crescent's time was 8 minutes 36 seconds. The crews were made up as follows:

Fairmount—William Brownell, bow; John Waters, 2; E. F. Brownell, 3; James Harrison, 4; J. Mahoney, 5; Ed Foster, 6; Dennis O'Neill, 7; John Snowden, stroke; George Mitchell, coxswain.

Crescent—George W. Megowan, bow; W. S. Rank, 2; J. M. Sullender, Jr., 3; John A. Snyder, 4; W. J. Fitzpatrick, 5; J. M. Andrews, 6; W. T. Wallace, 7; E. F. Faber, stroke; C. B. Steele, coxswain.

WHAT HE THINKS OF THE GAZETTE.

PUBLISHER *POLICE GAZETTE*—Dear Sir: My subscription to the *GAZETTE* expires with the next number. I would like to have it continued for 13 weeks more. The *GAZETTE* is the best paper in America. Yours truly, ANDREW HETLAND.

REFEREE.

The Popularity of Athletic Sports Among College Students.

TEEMER ANXIOUS TO ROW KEMP.

John L. Sullivan is again playing first trumpeter to the pugilistic band, and declares that he is still the champion, and that he will make Jake Kilrain and Charley Mitchell fight him on his return to this country. The following cut line under one of Cameron's cartoons, "Much Disfigured, but Still in the Ring," just suits Sullivan in his present position. The only way that the once champion can ever reach the top of the pugilistic tree is to stop talking and find backers ready to match him against all comers for a reasonable amount of money and the championship. Unless he puts up a forfeit and agrees to meet all comers, the public will put no dependence in his statements.

Kilrain is at the head of his profession, the commander-in-chief, so to speak, of the pugilistic army. He is ready to keep that position, and has an ample supply of the sinews of war to back him up. The public place full confidence in his ability, because they are aware that both he and his backer carried out and did all they claimed they would do, while Sullivan, on the other hand, did the reverse, completely failing both in this country and England in his pugilistic enterprises. Kilrain upheld the Stars and Stripes in England by meeting the champion of the British Isles and coming out of the great battle, technically speaking, victorious. That every pugilist in England considers Kilrain champion of the world and look upon him as invincible is proved by the fact that none of them have dared to throw down the gauntlet and challenge him to again battle for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of the world.

Sullivan's pugilistic ship has stranded. He had an incompetent pilot, and the life-saving corps (the public) refuse to recognize his flag of distress, but are inclined to allow him to sink without their assistance, because his ship is unworthy of succor. Sullivan's last benefit at the Academy of Music in this city proved that no matter how loud he can blow his bugle or rant and boast, he is no longer the pugilistic star, but a comet that blazed brilliantly for a season now sunk into oblivion.

The report of the Harvard faculty committee on athletic and physical exercises at the University was the most thorough and satisfactory ever prepared on the subject, and it must have knocked the cranks of the university who were preaching against athletics completely out. The report is so interesting and instructive that it will probably be some time before there is any move to do away with boxing, wrestling, rowing, etc., by Harvardites.

What proportion of the students at Cambridge engage in sports or take physical exercise? How much time do they devote to exercise? What is the effect on their health, morals and studies? These are the questions which the committee has undertaken to answer.

The returns show the habits of more than a thousand (one thousand and twenty-one) students. Of these about a hundred belong to teams of one kind or another and may be classed as athletes. About three hundred strive to excel in some sport, train with the teams and compete in college contests. Six hundred or more exercise with no intention of competing in contests. Out of the thousand and twenty-one men reporting only sixteen replied that they took no exercise at all.

Three-fourths of the students take more than one form of exercise. Some take half a dozen. The average is about three kinds. The gymnasium is the most popular. Besides those going to it occasionally, more than six hundred use it regularly. Next in popularity comes walking, and after that lawn tennis, the former being done by six hundred and thirty men, and the latter by six hundred. Baseball is a favorite with three hundred. The great variety of sports and exercises followed, with the number of men represented in each, is shown in the table here given. It must be remembered that in most cases the same men are included in different totals. Thus many who play baseball also exercise in the gymnasium.

Sport or Exercise	Total	No. Men
Baseball	301	301
Bicycling (and tricycling)	84	84
Bowling	14	14
Canoeing	22	22
Canoeing	9	9
Crick	39	39
Driving	7	7
Football	135	135
Gymnasium exercise	610	610
Handball	15	15
Lacrosse	51	51
Out-of-door work (care of horses, grounds, etc.)	3	3
Polo	3	3
Respiration (eucalyptus gymnastics)	3	3
Riding	93	93
Room exercises (calisthenics, clubs, dumbbells, etc.)	71	71
Rowing	179	179
Running	111	111
Shooting	22	22
Skating	23	23
Sparring	66	66
Swimming	29	29
Tennis	598	598
Track athletics	25	25
Walking	635	635

The great majority of students (about 800 out of a 1,000) give from one to three hours a day to exercise. The average time is about an hour and twenty minutes. What effect has this exercise on the health, studies and morals of the students? Wholesome, says the committee. "The average strength of students and the perfection of their physical development have greatly increased during ten years. At present there are about one hundred men in college stronger than the strongest man in 1880. The regularity and moderation of life necessary for men in training have a very favorable effect on health."

As to the effect on scholarship, the report says that participation in athletics does not seriously interfere with college attendance, and lowers neither the standing of those who take part in them (except freshmen) nor the general standing of the college. On the contrary, the standard of scholarship has risen with the increase of athletics. While athletes have won college honors, the fourteen men who take no exercise are reported below the average of scholarship.

To the criticism that athletic sports have a bad moral effect upon participants and spectators, the committee takes exception. While admitting the existence of abuses that call for reform, it is satisfied that the sports have in the main a good moral influence upon those who take part in them. The facts which the committee has gathered are full of significance. The conclusions drawn from them will be indorsed by a public which appreciates the value of outdoor exercise and pastimes to health and happiness.

I see the liberal offer of the proprietor of this paper to give away \$5,000 for an international single-scutt race between Peter Kemp, the champion of the world, and John Teemer, the champion of America, has created quite a sensation. Several newspapers threw cold water on the offer, but the leading newspapers, who are aware of what a sporting sensation a race between Kemp and Teemer for a purse of \$5,000 and the "Police Gazette" champion challenge cup and single-scutt championship of the world on American waters would prove, indorse the affair and praise Richard K. Fox for his liberal offer.

John Teemer, with his rowing partner, and Albert Hamm and George Hosmer called recently and I had a long confab with Teemer. He said he was ready to row for the \$5,000 purse against Kemp, and it was strange if Kemp did not accept

the terms, especially as the donor of the purse had agreed to allow him (Kemp) \$1,000 expenses. If Kemp will agree to visit these shores, the purse will be posted, and also the \$1,000 Kemp is to be allowed for expenses.

No such offer was ever made before to any foreign champion, and Kemp's reply will be anxiously awaited.

From this country and England Kemp will, within the next few months, receive at least four challenges. It is in a measure optional with him as to which he accepts first; but we should not be at all surprised if, like his great predecessor in the title, Beach, he elects again to meet Hanlan, and clearly demonstrate that, win or lose, he possesses what is essential to the success of every oarsman—strength, stamina and pluck.

The lovers and patrons of aquatic sports in Wales must understand that John Teemer is the recognized champion of America, and that he holds the "Police Gazette" champion challenge cup, which represents the single-scutt championship of the world, and is ready to row Peter Kemp or any man breathing for \$5,000 a side and the trophy.

The "Police Gazette" correspondent in London writes that The White Lion at Finchley used to be a great training place for pugilists. As we passed it on a coach recently on our way northwards we could hardly conceive that the house which now forms a portion of the new town was once away in the country. The last scrapper, we believe, who trained at The White Lion was "Napper," preparatory to his fight with Jack Baldock. It was at this house that "Napper" showed his backer his fighting shoes, with spikes quite beyond the regulation length and sharpened to a point. When asked the meaning of such a display, he meaningly replied: "You'll see, gov'nor," and so those who witnessed the fight did so.

One more remark concerning our old fighters, and for the present week we have done. Tom Sayers was the representative of a long line of bruisers before the strachan-and-seal-skin brigade came into vogue, and he would just as well have fought over a button as a purse of sovereignty. When New Oxford street was in process of formation, Sayers, who worked on the new buildings, often related to Mr. Burton, the inventor of the perambulator, that he would rather have a fight any morning than a breakfast, and the truth of this the following instance of his pugacity will show: Tom, for some flagrant breach of decorum, had kicked a nymph of the pave when her back was turned, and, not knowing the redoubtable Sayers, she vowed she would bring her man, who was a herculean rough and the terror of the district, to give Tom a hiding.

Sayers, with a number of members of the building trade, was carousing in the tap-room of The Torrington in his favorite Camden town, when the door opened, and the nymph appeared at the entrance, shouting to some one in the rear as she pointed to Tom, "There he is, Charley—there he is!"

"Why," said Bully Charley as he looked in at the door—"why, that's Tom Sayers," and the Oddy was about to sneak out. "Never mind, Charley," said Tom as he shut the door of the tap-room; "you've come down to fight me, and fight you must; you shan't have your journey for nothing."

Fight they did, with the result that Charley was sorry he came, but the inducement for bruisers thirty years ago to put up their hands was not a thousand a side and a trip to foreign parts.

Hanlan's recent win with Trickett has revived the hopes of his old friends, and they are anxious to be before Teemer in making a fresh match for the Canadian against his late conqueror, Kemp. It is unnecessary for us to say that until Hanlan met his downfall at the hands of Beach he was regarded as a sculling nonpareil. From June, 1875, until August, 1884, Hanlan held the championship against all comers. As the Canadian rowed his first race in 1872, when he was but seventeen years of age, he has been sculling for sixteen years, and therefore it is not to be wondered at that he should feel just a little stale. Despite his recent defeats, he has done more to elevate sculling than any man in the world.

The battle of the giants is arranged to take place in August next. The stakes will be very handsome, \$5,000 a side, and the California Athletic Club will give a purse of \$2,000, making in all \$7,000 for the victor. Both Joe McLaughlin, the Pacific Slope giant, and Mike Conley, the Ithaca giant, have good records, and should they meet we shall expect history to repeat itself, and such a battle as Gregson and Gully fought in 1868 in England may be witnessed in the New World in 1888. Being both "Greclians," Mike and Joe should show the tug of war.

Some time since Woolf Bendoff journeyed to this country in search of adventure and money in his role of boxer, but he returned to England without meeting with the success anticipated. Now the "Pride of Petticoat Lane" desires to visit Australia, and to put him in funds for this trip his friends have taken the Paragon Music Hall, Mile End Road, and as the Yiddish most do patronize music halls, Woolf should have a good benefit.

So many first-class horses are now on the turf and the science of training has become so exact that the margin of speed within which horses of the same class must contend is becoming so small, and an advantage of start generally settles the issue of the contest. The cry on every turf is: "Give us a fair start." Now what is a fair start? A fair start, according to all horsemen, is one in which every horse entered has a chance to win. A fair start differs from a good start. A perfect send-off is when all the horses are absolutely in line. A starter can guarantee only a fair start. He must not, he cannot without drawing suspicion upon himself, wait for a good start. It will be said that he is waiting for somebody's horse to come up. A perfect send-off is an accident, and while very welcome when it comes, must not be waited for. Of course, what would be a fair start or a good start in a large field might be an execrable send-off in a small one.

"Jockeys should be made to know that a fair start is not a thing to be trifled with, and the knowledge that horses will be sent away at the first favorable opportunity would stimulate them to improve their position, and second, and not intentionally thwart, the purpose of the starter. Horse owners would be less disposed to run the risk of fines and penalties if they were sure that their chances of winning would be compromised by such conduct. We want men at the post who know what a fair start is, and who will never let one slip in the vain hope of giving greater satisfaction."

"Starters and judges must be men not to be swayed by clamor, whether it proceeds from the grand stand, the pool box or the stables. Dishonest racing is, I am glad to say, a thing of the past, and officials can have no motive, even had they the disposition, to act unfairly. A race was run in the East only the other day when nine spectators out of ten outside the judges' stand awarded the race to the horse which three judges placed second. It is 999 chances to one the judges were right."

The Boston "Globe," July 17, says: "John L. Sullivan made a very promising debut as circus man in Boston yesterday afternoon. He was perfectly sober, and so was the crowd of only 600 that gathered under the tent at the corner of Harrison avenue and Dover street. First two men, one dressed in pink and the other in blue, came into the ring. One of them took a 20-foot pole and stood it on his chin, while the other clambered to the top end and sat there until the spectators got through applauding. After a few more thrilling feats by the men in pink and blue the big 'un himself entered the ring leading a white stallion, which pranced around and kept time to John L.'s whip and the music of the orchestra. Then John made the horse wait and kick up his heels and lie down. The 'big fellow' and Jack Ashton then punched each other for 4 rounds in a scientific manner, sitting down to puff and blow at the end of each round, and the show was over. Messrs. Doris & Sullivan do not offer as many attractions as their levithan contemporaries, Barnum and Forepaugh."

HE VALUES A GOOD THING.

CASTALIA, IOWA, July 8, 1888. PUBLISHER POLICE GAZETTE—Dear Sir: My subscription to the GAZETTE expires with the next number. I would like to have it continued for 13 weeks more. The GAZETTE is the best paper in America. Yours truly, ANDREW HATLAND.

WHIP AND SPUR

Turf Accidents at the Monmouth Park Races, July 18.

WILL BARNES WIN THE WHIP?

Mr. J. B. Haggin's forfeits at the Coney Island Jockey Club's June meeting were \$12,000.

The largest mutual paid this season was made by Keystone at Brighton Beach on July 4, \$5 tickets paying \$498.75.

What hard luck the Haggin stable is having. Some of the best bred horses in the country can be found in the very liberal California turfman's string.

Jerome Whelpley has taken Majolica, 2:15; Bertha, by Blue Bell; Red Star, by A. W. Richmond, and three others from Fleetwood to Parkville, and will work them on the Parkville Farm track.

Jockey Bunn was fined \$300 and set down for the balance of the meeting at Chicago on Saturday, and Andy McCarthy was also suspended for the remainder of the meeting for disobedience at the post.

In England the crusade made by the English Jockey Club is creating a reign of terror among the pigskin fraternity, which has become rather too subservient to the professional betting element to be wholesome.

The American Jockey Club has resolved to have bookmaking next fall; and it has also resolved that the fall meeting will commence on the dates already claimed, Oct. 2, and continue until Oct. 15, inclusive.

A. J. Welch of Hartford sold his black stallion Atlantic to N. Minalo of Rome, Italy, for \$15,000. He also sold the bay mare Valkyrie for \$9,000 to the same man. Atlantic's record is 2:21, but in a trial race here he made a mile in 2:17. Valkyrie's record is 2:19½.

Susie B., one of the greatest three-year-old trotters of 1887, is said to be going very fast in her work in Kentucky. Her record of 2:20 was made in St. Louis last October, in the third heat of a race against Hour, Ben Hur, Brown, Eulencio and Mamie Wood.

The Dwyer Brothers have been very fortunate in the Lorillard stakes, they having won four successive years. Mr. Lorillard capturing it the intervening year (1885) with Wanda. There were really but two in it last Saturday—Sir Dixon and Los Angeles. The value this year to the winner was \$18,750, which makes Sir Dixon's gross earnings this year foot up to \$31,505.

The great stallion Panoast is slowly recovering from the effects of the lightning stroke. The recent hot spell retarded him somewhat, but in his new quarters in the grain barn at Parkville farm he has plenty of room to move about and keep comfortable. It is feared the slight of the injured eye will never be restored; otherwise the outlook is favorable for complete recovery.

The following are the probable dates for the Western fall running circuit: Chicago, Washington Park, Sept. 8 to 15; West Side track, Chicago, July 15 to close of racing season; Louisville, Sept. 17 to 22; Latonia, Sept. 29 to Oct. 13; Lexington, Oct. 15 to 20; Nashville, Oct. 15 to 18 to end of season. Memphis does not anticipate a fall meeting, but New Orleans will probably begin about Dec. 5.

At Monmouth Park, yesterday, E. H. Garrison, the famous jockey, said: "If there is any chance for me to capture the Richard K. Fox diamond whip the latter offers this year, I am going to do my best to win it." If Garrison can secure the mounts on horses that are not outclassed or handicapped by weight or a heavy track, there is not the least doubt that he will hurry McLaughlin this season.—N. Y. Daily News, July 18.

The N. Y. "Star" says: "After Richard K. Fox offered the 'Police Gazette' diamond whip to be competed for last July, it was the understanding that the winner of the trophy should hold it during the season of 1888 also; but in order to create rivalry among the knights of the pigskin, he has decided that the 'Police Gazette' diamond whip which McLaughlin won and now holds shall be retained as his personal property, and he will offer another, to be competed for during the season of 1888."

The report that Haggin and E. H. Garrison, the jockey, had trouble and that the latter wanted to be released from his engagement with the former is untrue. Garrison denies in emphatic language the reported rupture with his employer. "There isn't a word of truth in it," he said to a reporter, "and the only reason that I did not ride Fitz James in the Stockton stakes was I couldn't get down to 111 pounds. I had a chance to ride Prince Royal, who carried 125 pounds, and did so with Mr. Haggin's permission."

The charges made against Edward B. Allen of falsely registering the trotting mare Flyap and Ella A. came up before the Board of Censors of the New Jersey Horse Breeders' Association at Newark, N. J., recently. Colonel E. S. Edwards conducted the examination. J. B. Wallace, the accuser, testified that Mr. Allen furnished him with written evidence that Messrs. Myers and Stevens, of Lexington, bred the mare. He then wrote to Mr. Myers, but received word that there was no such person at Lexington. That was his reason for making the investigation which led to the accusation of false registration. The investigation was adjourned.

On July 18, Barnes, the western jockey, was still ahead of winning jockeys. He has won 95 of his 325 mounts. After him the jockeys winning the largest number of mounts come in this order: G. Covington, 74; J. McLaughlin, 38; Freeman, 32; Garrison, 28; F. Littlefield, 24; Godfrey, 24; Hayward, 22; Palmer, 18; 23; Hamilton, 19; Church, 18; Martin, 18; Palmer, 18; A. McCarthy, Jr., 16; Fitzpatrick, 15; Isaac Murphy, 14; Armstrong, 14; Winchell, 14; Shauer, 10; and Anderson, 10. Judging from the long lead Barnes and Covington have, McLaughlin and Garrison will have to work hard if either of them desires to win the "Police Gazette" diamond whip and the jockey championship.

On July 18, at Monmouth, Withers' King Ernest-Belinda duly beat with the greatest imaginable ease her field in the Lassie Stakes, three-quarters of a mile, among them Mr. Belmont's crack filly Lady Margaret. The latter was a great favorite, caused by her handsome behavior in the Atlantic Stakes on Saturday, which she pulled off in clever shape, with three lengths to spare. Lady Margaret was so well thought of there were only 2 to 5 about her to win and no place betting. She carried thousands of dollars, and the losers felt doubly sore because of the supposed certainty of the result. Mr. Withers named the winning filly Auricoma, and it will be good policy to watch her in the future. Look at the time of the race. Quarter, 0:23½; three-eighths, 0:36½; half, 0:48½; three-quarters, 1:14½.

At Monmouth Park, on July 18, there was a series of turf accidents, and there was more falls during the day than usual. In breaking away for the first race Hawley stumbled, and "Spider" Anderson was picked up senseless. He soon recovered, and weighed to ride in the second race, but it was subsequently deemed best to substitute another rider. While the horses were at the post for the second race, Aurania, in one of her back-jumping fits of temper, managed to throw McLaughlin to the ground. He was quickly on his feet, but the filly, in breaking through the track rails, was not only slightly "hipped" but was so badly cut under the left forearm by a splinter that she had to be withdrawn, and all money bet on her, both straight and place, was consequently lost. The Dwyers probably never had a season of such bad luck with their horses as the present. Hanover, Oregon, and now Aurania are on the injured list, without taking into consideration the disability of

several other two-year-olds that have not run. In the steeple-chase Mara, the rider of Will Davis, was badly shaken and bruised, if not worse. It was said he had a broken collar-bone, which, however, was subsequently denied.

The "Town and Country," Sydney, Australia, June 9, publishes the portrait of Jimmy McLaughlin, the champion jockey, and says: "Our portrait this week represents James McLaughlin, the premier jockey of the world, and winner of the diamond whip presented by Richard K. Fox, the enterprising proprietor of the New York POLICE GAZETTE, to the jockey who should ride the greatest number of winners on the American turf during the season of 1887. For several years McLaughlin has been to America what Archer was to England, and his career has always been watched with interest by admirers of clever horsemanship. McLaughlin rides for the Dwyer Brothers' stables, which, next to Mr. J. B. Haggin's, is the greatest in America. The champion diamond whip is a beautiful and unique trophy. It is 3 feet long, 3 inches in diameter, and is made out of solid gold and silver. On the handle of the whip is a solid gold fox head, with diamond eyes, fastened into a big horseshoe made of solid gold. On one side of the horseshoe is a portrait of McLaughlin, and on the reverse side is a portrait of the donor. Both sides of the horseshoe, which is nearly 2 inches long and 1 inch wide, are studded with diamonds, rubies, and sapphires. In the centre of the whip is a miniature race course of solid gold, on which are raised horses and jockeys, also in solid gold. Precious stones and brilliant ornaments adorn the end of the whip, from which projects a red and blue sash, emblematic of the Dwyer Bros.' racing colors, which McLaughlin has so often sported first past the post. On the top of the whip, set in solid gold block letters, is the inscription, 'The Richard K. Fox diamond whip, representing the jockey championship of America.' The whip cost over \$300, and it is the most valuable trophy ever offered in a similar competition."

In the action brought by Wood, the English jockey, against the Licensed Victuallers' Gazette for libel, Wood was subjected to a rigorous cross-examination by Sir Charles Russell, who elicited the worldly position of Wood, whose answers were of a startling character. His weatherby or regulation fees for riding amounted to \$1,900 a year, and retainers, refreshers and gifts from owner-brought his income from riding up to about \$4,000 a year. He had also an income from betting. The most money he had ever had on a race was \$100. If he betted on a real good thing he would like to ride it himself. He also bought and sold horses. "We want to know what your income is," said Sir Charles Russell. "Oh, make it \$5,000—\$5,000 or \$6,000," answered the witness, in an offhand way. He lived at Newmarket and rented a house at Brighton. He had a brougham and a pony carriage, and ponies for his children. "It is suggested," Sir Charles playfully observed, "that you have also got a perambulator." He, however, had no coachman or groom; he had "only a boy who cleaned boots and things of that kind." He had "about two hunters," which he turned away in summer. He had hunted for several years with the harriers at Brighton. He owned the house in which he lived in High street, Newmarket; also Lother House, Greyhound Hotel, Black Horse Hotel, Chetwynd House, two or three cottages in St. Mary's square and some cottages in Black Horse lane, at the same place. He was also the owner of Sherrard's stable, which could accommodate fifty horses, Sherrard paying him \$500 a year rent, and he owned likewise a stable and thirty-five acres of land at Chetwynd, near the Duke of Rutland's place. He had \$4,000 invested in the business of Messrs. Campbell & Co., coopers, Limhouse, and his banker had bought \$45,000 in consols for him. This completely disclosed his financial position.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[No attention will be paid to questions unless they are accompanied by the full name and address of the sender.]

M. S., Chicago.—No.
M. J. B., Toledo.—No.
J. W., Baltimore.—No.
M. J., Rome, N. Y.—Yes.
A. J., Albany, N. Y.—Yes.
AJAX, Newburg, N. Y.—Yes.
W. G., Indianapolis, Ind.—B losses.
F. B. W., City.—We have not the records.
M. F. L., South Bend.—We have no such list.
S. J., St. Paul, Minn.—Mike C. Conley, in our opinion.
R. D., Alton, Ill.—Jake Kilrain did whip Jack Ashton.
M. W., Baltimore.—1. A is entitled to two tricks. 2. No.
M. J. S. AND D. A. B., Lexington, Ky.—1. A wins. 2. No.
J. H., Hoboken, N. J.—Thanks. We need no correspondence.
E. F. D., Albany, N. Y.—We have not got the party's complete record.
ALONZO, Honsdale.—1. Yes. 2. Sixes. 3. Joe Coburn resides in this city.
S. B., Louisville, Ky.—Ten Brock's time for running a mile has never been beaten.
M. S., Seymour, Ind.—George Godfrey, the colored pugilist, was defeated by Jake Kilrain.
J. C. B., Sherratt, Pa.—Send 30 cents and we will mail you "The Police Gazette Book of Rules."
A. F. H., Red Cloud, Neb.—Certainly not. If he has more than one he must have one, so how can a loss?
A. J. W., Bangor, Me.—Tommy Kelly and George Seddons fought on the Isle of Shoals at Portsmouth, N. H.
D. W. H., Hopper, Oregon.—The bet is a draw. Neither won. C would have to have a larger number than D for A to win.
G. D., Brooklyn.—A losses. Sullivan and Coburn did box at one of Billy Edwards' benefits in Madison Square Garden, New York.

JETHRO, Olean, N. Y.—1. No. 2. Billy P. O'Reilly, the pugilist, was fatally stabbed by Charley Huff at Virginia City, Nev., July 1, 1874.
S. M. D., Ft. Smith, Ark.—There is no skill required in playing a fair game of dice, consequently no player can have any advantage over another.

O. R., Carson City, Nevada.—1. Yes; if the contestants are professionals. 2. A professional is a man who competes for money or against professionals.
W. C., Hartford, Conn.—1. Nat Langham, the English pugilist, died at London, Eng., Sept. 1, 1871. 2. He was the only pugilist that defeated Tom Sayers.

N. C. P., Charleston, S. C.—E. P. Weston did walk from Portland to Chicago. He left Portland, Me., on Oct. 29, 1867, and arrived Nov. 28, 1867, covering the distance in 36 days.

NIXIE, Philadelphia.—1. No. 2. Captain T. Crisp and wife left New Bedford, Mass., for England in a little boat 30 feet over all on May 28, 1877. 3. They arrived at Penzance, Eng., July 22, 1877. 4. No.

THE CAPTAIN'S GLOVES, New York City.—Andy Hanley in 1869 offered to fight any feather-weight in America for the feather-weight championship. 2. Hanley did meet George Seddons in a glove contest. 3. Yes.

S. D., Omaha.—Chandler, ridden by Captain Bradley, jumped 39 feet over water at Warwick, England, in 1847. Calverthorpe jumped 34 feet over hurdles in England, and Lottery jumped 34 feet over a wall in England.

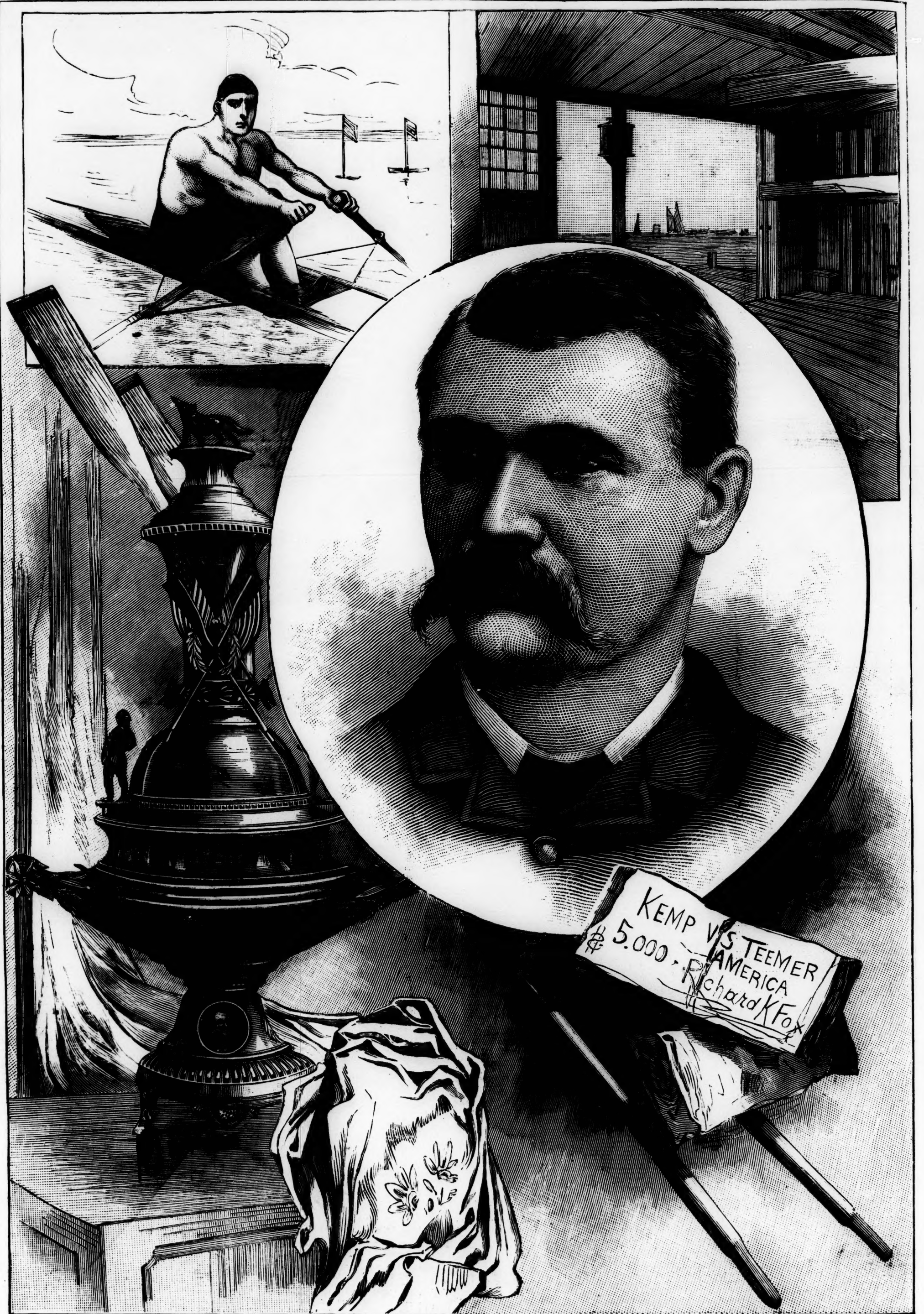
S. D. and W. B., Chicago.—Jake Kilrain won the heavy-weight championship of America by John L. Sullivan refusing to fight him for \$10,000 and that title. Kilrain and Smith then fought for the championship of the world, and the battle ended in a draw. Since Kilrain has been ready to defend that title against all comers.

W. J., Olympic Club, San Francisco.—Joe Acton and Edwin Bibby have wrestled eight times at various weights. Acton has been victorious in five, while Bibby was successful in three matches. In all the contests Bibby had to reduce himself below his wrestling weight with the exception of one, when Bibby defeated Acton.

My new descriptive circular on Urinary Diseases mailed free (sealed). J. W. GEDNEY, 23 E. 98th St., N. Y.

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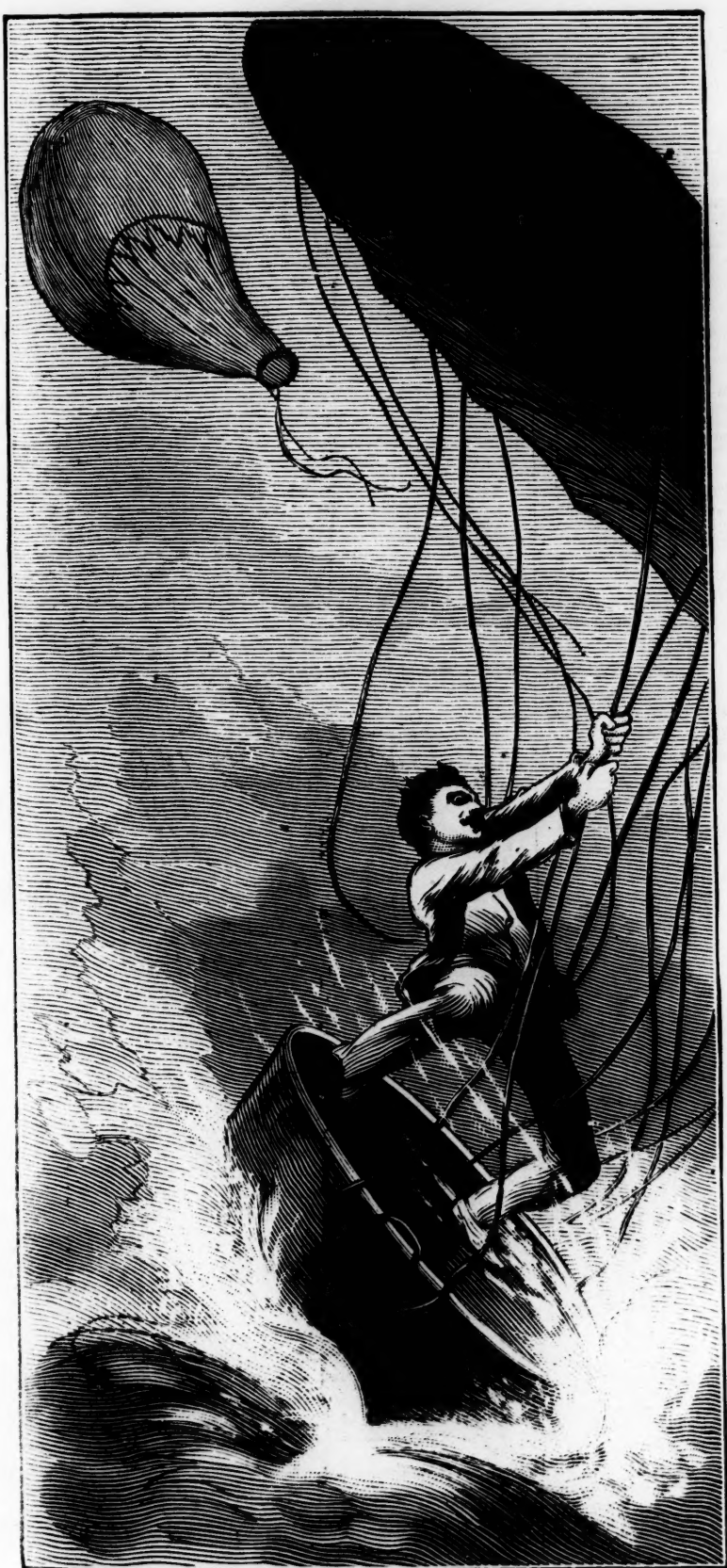
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TO MEET OUR GODFREY.



STRUGGLING FOR LIFE.
AERONAUT SAM YOUNG HAS AN EXCEEDINGLY CLOSE CALL AT
CONEY ISLAND NEAR CINCINNATI, O.



PISTOLS AT A PRIZE FIGHT.
A RATTLING TWENTY-SEVEN ROUND CONTEST NEAR BIRMINGHAM, ALA., WHICH THREATENED
TO CAUSE BLOODSHED BY OTHER THAN FISTIC WEAPONS.



GEN. CATLIN KNOCKED HIM OUT.
A WELL-KNOWN KINGS COUNTY, NEW YORK, POLITICIAN GIVES AN OFFENSIVE CAR CON-
DUCTOR A LESSON IN PUGILISM.

"RIDE UP" GEORGE.

Covington, Hankins and Campbell's Jockey,
Second in the Race for the "Police
Gazette" Diamond Whip.



George Covington.

The rider for the Chicago stable of Hankins and Campbell, is a well known and popular favorite on all the race tracks in the country. During the present season he has done great work in the saddle, and is now second on the list of winning mounts. So far he has won 74 mounts and lost 122. Barnes, the leading jockey, has won 95 and lost 211. Covington is pressing him hard, however, and Western turfmen think he will win the "Police Gazette" diamond whip, or come close to it.

[We will be obliged to our numerous correspondents throughout the country if they will send us the portraits of prominent jockeys, or owners of well-known trotting horses for publication in this column.]

CHIARA CIGNARALE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The gloom of death that for months hovered over Chiara Cignarale's lonely cot in the Tomba prison is at last dispelled. She has escaped ignominious death on the scaffold, Governor Hill, on the 23rd inst., having commuted her sentence to life imprisonment.

FATAL FALL OF A SOMNAMBULIST.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

William McConkey and two others from Marquette, Mich., went to Republic to spend Sunday. McConkey's room in the hotel there opened on the veranda, and late at night he walked off the veranda in his sleep, falling fifteen feet. He died this morning.

DISEMBOWELED HIMSELF.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Ex-County Commissioner Henry Langle, of Lancaster, O., met with a terrible accident on Friday last. Mr. Langle is a man of heroic size, weighing 325 pounds and standing six feet four inches high. Taking a large butcher-knife and going into the yard to use it, he tripped and fell, plunging the knife up to the hilt in his bowels.

DIED IN A DIVE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A notorious house of ill-fame at Leavenworth, Kan., was recently the scene of a shooting affray, during which Ben Black, a notorious and disreputable character, was shot three times and killed by Officer George Goodell, of that town. The proprietors of the place had called in the police, among whom was the officer in question, to quell a disturbance, when Black made an assault on Goodell with the result stated.

THEY SAW HIM MURDERED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

On Monday morning John Gushannon, of Bennington, Vt., was murdered in his yard, in plain sight of his family. James Gushannon, a nephew of the deceased, John Keenan, James Costigan and George Gasin called on John Gushannon, asking for drinks. Upon being refused they began stoning the house. When two front windows were broken Gushannon went out, caught his nephew and was shaking him, when Keenan, who is a cripple, struck him on the head with his crutch and killed him.

A FEROCIOUS BULLDOG.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Albert Beason, a farmer living on the Northwestern Turnpike, near Parkersburg, W. Va., while going home a few evenings ago on horseback was attacked upon the highway by a savage bulldog, which bit the horse severely. Beason tried to drive the animal away, when it turned upon him and sprang upon the horse and seized the rider by the nose, tearing that member into shreds and severely wounding him in the face. Beason finally got away from the savage brute and with great difficulty got to his home, where he now lies in a precarious condition.

JUMPED EIGHTY FEET.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Young Peter McGuigan made a thrilling leap from the lofty bridge of the Pennsylvania Railroad, just above Girard avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., at dusk on Monday evening, and struck the water of the Schuylkill, eighty feet below, uninjured. McGuigan lives in Laniganville, just back of the Zoo, and is known

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among the boys as "Peppers." He is only 17 years old, and though slim in build is wiry and strong. "Peppers" pluck is proverbial in Laniganville. He is the hero of many daring deeds since his early boyhood days. He was arrested once for his jumping, but that didn't frighten him, and he has kept on doing daring feats among the boys of the river end of the Twenty-fourth Ward.

LESLIE C. BRUCE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

We publish an excellent likeness of Leslie C. Bruce, of the *Turf, Field and Farm*, this city, formerly of Kentucky, a gentleman of high repute among sportsmen, and one, if not the best, long-distance rifle shots in this country. Leslie C. Bruce was one of the successful American rifle team who figured in several of the great international matches, in which contests he made wonderful scores at 900 and 1,000 yards, and it was in a great measure due to his wonderful marksmanship that the American teams were victorious. Mr. Bruce is owner of several first-class race horses, among them Bon Soir and Kingmate. He is very popular and has a host of admirers in all parts of the country.

HE WAS A HUSTLER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A minister at Jeffersonville, Ky., was lately called to preach a funeral sermon at the grave of one of his parishioners, a certain Mrs. Wascorn. During the services the husband of the deceased stood near the grave and indulged in loud lamentations over his loss. The good minister tried hard to comfort the bereaved widower, and was finally successful in doing so. Mr. Wascorn died his tears and, after a whispered consultation with one of the female mourners present, brought her forward and asked his reverend friend to marry him to the lady. The minister promptly performed the ceremony, and the now happy pair drove back home in the carriage they had hired for the funeral procession, the hearse alone being left out at the cemetery. He was seventy years old.

CLOUDY CLYDE WAS KING.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Powell Clyde, a fourteen-year-old boy of Chicago, who has read much flash literature and given himself the romantic title of "Cloudy Clyde de King," has succeeded in creating a sensation. After playing the bandit prince for some months, "Cloudy Clyde" has fled to other scenes. On Saturday two men standing at Addison and North Clark streets, that city, heard unearthly yells coming, apparently, out of the ground. After quite a search the men discovered the entrance to an excavation under a lumber yard office, and, on crawling in, found two boys tied fast to a post. Their arms were tied behind them. One of the boys was gagged, and the other had managed to rid himself of the gag, and had given vent to the screams which attracted attention. The older boy told the men that the cave was the headquarters of Cloudy Clyde's gang.

BASSO BRODERICK'S FROLIC.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Manager Hess, of the opera company now giving summer opera at Schiller's Park, Milwaukee, Wis., and Broderick, whose deep chest tones have played havoc with susceptible feminine hearts, do not speak as they pass by. Mr. Broderick is no longer a member of the opera company. He was allowed to sever his connection last Saturday night on account of irregularities on the part of the young basso, which were due to an oversupply of ardent spirits, but were too glaring to be overlooked. The story has just leaked out. Saturday evening it appears, the opera of "The Gypsy Baron" was billed for production. Broderick had the leading part. When the hour arrived for the curtain to go up he was not in the building. A carriage was hurriedly sent to the Republican House, where he was stopping, and after considerable persuasion and remonstrance Broderick allowed himself to be taken to the park. In the meantime it had been determined to put on the opera of "Martha." When Broderick arrived the original bill was restored, and after a long wait the curtain rose. The eccentricities of the basso throughout the performance were so marked as to attract attention. Behind the scenes they were more so. In a fit of playfulness he is said to have poked a member of the chorus with a tin spear, and when the insult was resented by the husband of another member of the chorus a "scrap" ensued. The contestants were parted, but the row was renewed later. Then Manager Hess took a hand in it and discharged the lively basso, and started in search of another artist.

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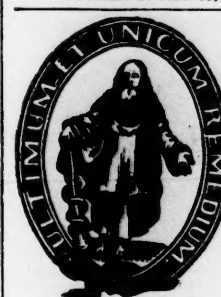
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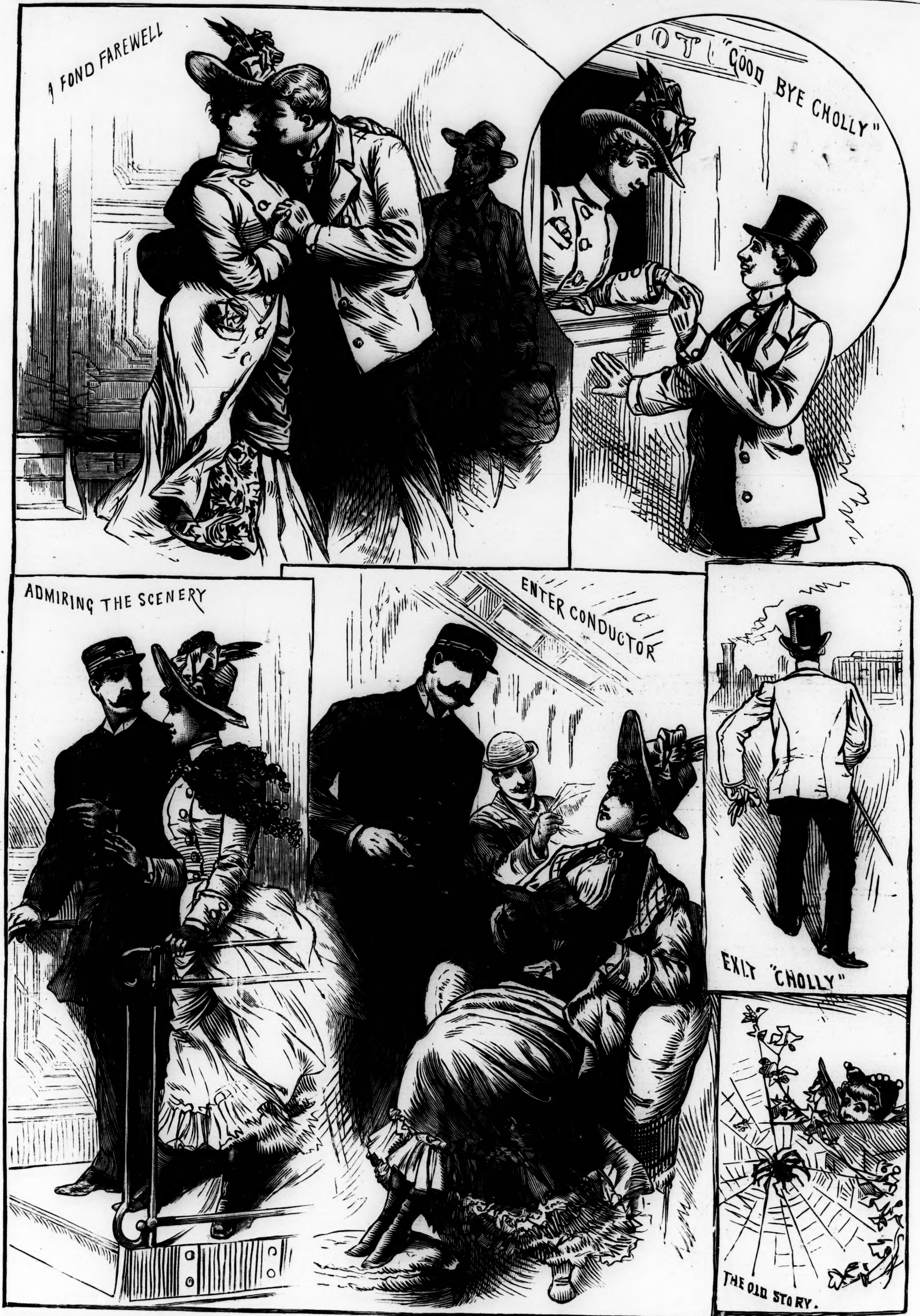
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